Nominating an Unknown in '76 *Marquis Childs*

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NEWSPAPER

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—May 4, 1974, 50 cents

Going Broke?
MELVILLE J. ULMER

Haig's White House
JOHN OSBORNE

Mr. Nixon's Trip to Moscow
Cancer in a Spray Can

Books and the Arts: Kenneth Evett—*Folk Art*
Doris Grumbach—*25 Years of Book Awards*
Mark Spilka—*Moore's D. H. Lawrence*
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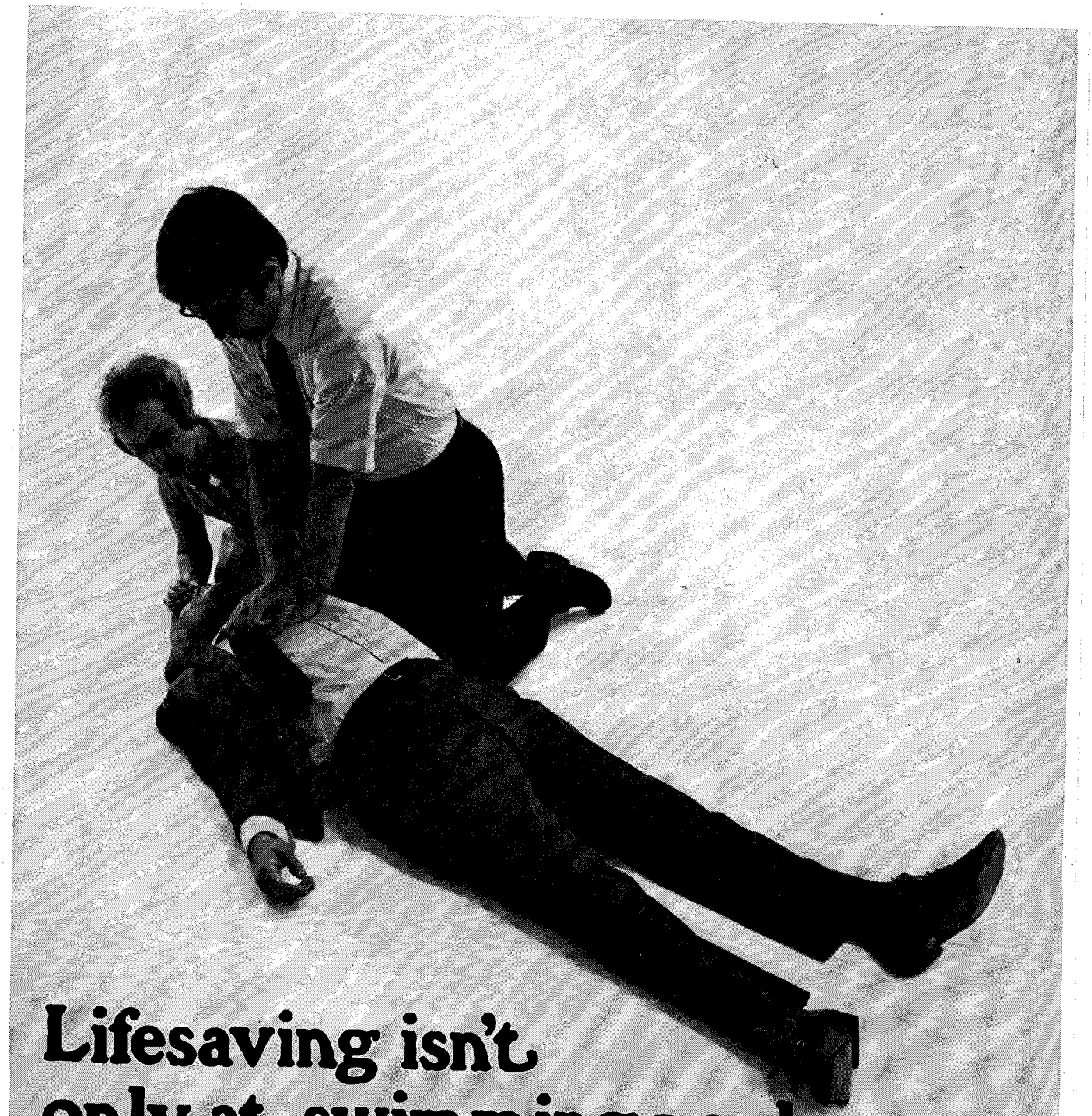

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TRB®

from Washington
May 4, 1974

All Aboard!

I sit in Seat 32 of the nine am Trailways bus pulling out from Washington terminal for Atlantic City. A five-hour trip. The sun is shining.

I could have taken my car, but would there be gas at the other end? Or I could have flown. But like a lot of others now, I am experimenting.

The bus terminal isn't like the Los Angeles airport or the New York Grand Central with doomsday announcers shouting incomprehensible imperatives. It is small, crowded and folksy with people stepping over children, a bearded college boy and girl friend with shoulder packs, a lot of blacks, a lot of brown-paper bundles, a news stand, a popcorn machine, a cafeteria, a candy stand with orangeade endlessly circulating, restrooms downstairs. A great many unimportant and interesting people are circulating like the orangeade. Humdrum? Maybe. But wherever people arrive and depart there's drama.

Getting this 14-ton monster out of Gate 8 is like getting the S.S. *France* out of a berth on the Hudson River; it is 40 feet long and eight feet wide and diesel-powered and we need to back and maneuver before we are out into I Street at 12th, past Doggett's Parking Lot, and traffic-borne. Now we are free.

There are a dozen on a bus that holds 46 and two more join us at the pick-up at Silver Spring; the big son hoists three valises aloft as Mom and Dad say goodbye, and wave to him through the pane. Off again at 9:33.

Yes, I traveled this road long ago in a Model T but today, instead of wondering if we'll make the next hill without going into low, I am reading *The Washington Post*.

Our driver knows nothing of harbor tunnels and aims us smack through the center of Baltimore, first the white marble steps and then the shopping center. A railroad would be in a tunnel, an airplane a mile overhead, but we are an obstruction right in the middle of downtown traffic, in reclining chairs complacently watching people bustle.

No, I can't read. It's spring outside; the city is behind us and from our vantage point we see greening hedgerows, boughs with little explosions of new leaves, flaming azalea—the wonderful feeling that for five long hours nobody can reach me by telephone.

The chair seat tilts back but doesn't snap up when you press a button. In the rear is a diminutive toilet. The bus is too hot. Well, we peel off coats.

At New Castle, Delaware, a rest stop—20 minutes. Our driver slides us between 14 Greyhound and Trailway buses like a tile in a parquet floor. It is 12:05. Our driver, a benign type, tells us to note well our gate and bus numbers, and not to take the wrong one on return and start for Houston or Seattle. He will announce our departure once.

Inside are two of the fastest cafeteria lanes on Spaceship Earth. I buy a cellophane-wrapped chicken salad sandwich whose ice cold components have blended into a larger union; a piece of pie (small) and a carton of milk. Price $1.47. Astonishing. But who wonders at prices anymore?

A part of the American navy suddenly arrives and is in, fed and out again, before you could pipe an admiral aboard. So here we, too, are back again in our own bus, rather homelike now with familiar packages aloft; we are rolling through the preliminary New Jersey pine barrens, and scrub oaks without a leaf out, and grapevines, and a pickle factory, and a few summer places on Route 40.

The motion is quiet and hammocky and most go to sleep. It is boring in a soothing way. Five hours of it . . . and now finally, this is Atlantic City! Right on the dot. Two pm.

The adventure begins again tomorrow morning on the test run home. Meanwhile, here is the boardwalk and screaming gulls and stalls where they read palms; salt water taffy, the big pier with rattling racers and the cavernous convention hall where I saw them nominate Lyndon Johnson in 1964. Yes, and a lot of happy people gulping in fresh air, and an ocean.

"Are they tearing the hotel down?" I ask a cop in a prowl car in the middle of the boardwalk. It is a 10-story building, fairly modern, all the lower windows smashed, vacant lots around it. "Blowing her up Monday or Tuesday," he says laconically.

"But it's not old! What's going on—is Atlantic City in trouble?"

"We're going to find out," he says enigmatically. "There's no trouble if we get gambling." He wants gambling. Up to the governor, he says. It is something to muse about that night.

Now it is departure time next morning for the return trip. I am in Seat 16. Time—9:30. The game is to see how many filling stations are open. I could have come in my 1966 Ford Falcon, it gets about 15 miles to the gallon, and the trip is around 200 miles; at 60 cents a gallon that's eight dollars or so, one way. Or I could have flown, a two-hour flight including connections at Philadelphia; regular round trip fare, $60.55. By bus it's $19 round trip, tax extra. The plane would have saved a lot of time, of course. On the other hand, I couldn't have finished Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in *Harper's* and then finished Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in the *Atlantic*. The bus today is as hot as yesterday, and this one is dirty and coke bottles roll about when the driver primly stops at every railroad track, no matter how rusty.

"Happy Motoring," says Exxon at Mispah—but no gas. "Shell: Four miles, check your gauge," but after four miles the three Shell pumps are all closed. It's an hour before I see an attendant wiping an authentic windshield.

In 1814 if you left Boston at four am by stagecoach and changed horses every 10 miles you reached Hartford, 100 miles away, by eight pm—if the weather was good. Exciting compared to this. We reach Washington at 2:08.

I grab my bag and step into the terminus. A bit tawdry perhaps. But wait a bit. Stagecoach, steamboat, railroad, Motel T, airplane and bus; where passengers depart and arrive, sigh goodbye or shout hello, where people start on journeys and come home again—that is America and that is romance. I hear hostlers and drivers, horses shaking surcingles and the innkeeper welcoming passengers . . . or the train rumbling into the South Lee depot . . . or the loudspeaker bawling that Flight 234 is now ready for departure at Gate 24.

The same orange drink is circulating on the candy counter as I start out to New York Avenue.

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Mr. Nixon's Trip to Moscow

The President is going to Russia in June, principally for the reason he goes anywhere these days, other than to Key Biscayne, San Clemente or Camp David—to convince the common folk and at least one-third-plus-one of the United States Senate that he is the indispensable world leader. Well, if Sen. Kennedy can sport himself in Moscow, why not Mr. Nixon? Both are campaigning for high office—the former to get it and the latter to keep it. There the similarity ends. For while a putative presidential candidate may do some international grandstanding without serious consequences to anyone but himself, an incumbent President can't. The Kennedy and the Nixon missions to Moscow have different consequences—Kennedy's advertises Kennedy; Nixon's commits the country. A visit to Moscow is not like a campaign jaunt to Michigan, except that both may show up the President's weakness. Nixon is the nation's constitutionally empowered spokesman abroad, though politically he speaks for a dwindling, minority constituency. He and no other is commander in chief of the armed forces and the symbol of nationhood, though he is not in political command and indeed is the symbol of popular cynicism about national leadership.

Unlike President Andrew Johnson, whose term had less than one year to go when he stood trial in the Senate, Mr. Nixon's term runs three more years, and while he is in the White House foreign policy is *his* policy. Therein lies the dilemma. For the success of that policy does not depend only upon the President. It depends upon the realistic estimate his foreign counterparts make of the President's standing at home, the credence foreign leaders give to his political longevity, their opinion of his sincerity or his power to translate promises into performance. The Russians must be asking themselves whether they're about to talk to a man on the skids, and if so, how that ought to influence what they say and do. They dare not *not* deal with him so long as he is President, but they cannot overlook the fact that he is in imminent danger of dismissal.

It is an axiom of superpower summitry that the United States should bargain from a position not necessarily of superiority, but of strength. It is also a truism that negotiations on the highest level with the Russians ought not to take place unless there has been a meeting of minds in advance, and that any such negotiations should be pre-

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ceded by consultation and consensus among Washington and its West European allies. So far as we can learn, none of these conditions has yet been met. Unquestionably, the President will be negotiating from a position of personal weakness. And who can claim today that consultation with our Atlantic partners has produced a common approach to the many intricate questions to be discussed in Moscow? Moreover, if we correctly read the significance of Secretary Kissinger's somber remarks on his recent return from Moscow, the superpowers are far from accord on future Soviet deployment of MIRVs, on US-Soviet differences on the number and payload of missile launchers, on the scheduling of troop withdrawals in Europe, on whether our nuclear-armed aircraft in Europe and the Mediterranean are "tactical" or "strategic," on whether Moscow's hegemony in Eastern Europe should be formally recognized, on how US and Soviet competing interests in the Middle East are to be reconciled, or on whether the USSR is prepared to liberalize its emigration policies. How much closer to agreement on such questions are the two countries likely to be in another month?

The dilemma posed by the trip is painful to members of Congress, especially those in the Senate who hope the disgrace of Watergate and the collapse of the Nixon administration will not stop progress toward a "generation of peace." What are they to do? How can they stand for détente without standing by the President? After a closed-door briefing several weeks ago by Secretary Kissinger, a handful of senators, including Democrats Kennedy, Mondale and Mansfield along with Republicans Scott and Mathias, thought they had found a way around the dilemma. They wrote the Secretary of State expressing approval of *his* continuing efforts for arms limitation, and said nothing about Mr. Nixon. "We cannot," said Sen. Mondale, "simply call off SALT while we sort out the question of impeachment." Kissinger welcomes this as a sign of bipartisanship and a contribution to keeping arms negotiations from being hobbled by hostile critics such as Sen. Jackson. But Sen. Jackson is not at all deterred from continuing to snipe at SALT. On April 22, in a tough speech to the Overseas Press Club, he renewed his charge that the Russians have "hardened their position" on limiting strategic offensive arms and are trying to "widen and deepen their strategic margin over the US." That opinion has powerful adherents with the military and intelligence establishments, which makes it incumbent on Secretary Kissinger and his allies on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to speak up on behalf of negotiations.

Honors

"TRB" (Richard Lee Strout) has just been given the Sidney Hillman award for his columns in this journal for 1973. And John Osborne ("The Nixon Watch") was the recipient last week of a George Polk Memorial award.

But however well intended and circumspect, the senatorial intervention evaded the question: should the President go to Moscow in June? Certainly not because his presence is essential to negotiations. In Henry Kissinger he has an able emissary, one not averse to travel and one who knows and articulates well the President's presumed views. If the Secretary can arrive at some understanding with the Kremlin in coming weeks—and the doubts are on the rise—it can be affirmed by Mr. Nixon, in Washington.

There are other reasons why the President should leave the bargaining to his appointed agents. He is in effect a captive of 34 inhibiting votes in the Senate which can save him. Among the 34 are numerous senators who are antagonistic to any cooperation with the Russians that could conceivably be negotiated. They are for the most part hardliners and hawks. Their hand would be at the President's elbow in Moscow. If the Russians, aware of his vulnerability, do not press the President unduly hard, the critics of détente in Congress will. His room for maneuver is very narrow.

We do not worry that in order to save himself at home, the President will trade away gold for bricks, sacrificing some vital American interest in return for something he can advertise as a personal triumph. Any concession he makes will require congressional approval—whether a treaty, an agreement on tariff reductions, bank credits or whatever. But it is precisely because the President needs the consent of Congress that his June Moscow trip is ill-advised. He is at a disadvantage in dealing with the Russians *because* he is at a disadvantage in dealing with Congress. And as Kissinger once observed: "The acid test of a [foreign] policy . . . is its ability to obtain domestic support." It will not matter whether the voters are justified or not in their suspicion of the results of a Moscow meeting, the suspicion will be real. If Mr. Nixon proclaims a diplomatic victory, how many will believe him? Conversely, if he brings back nothing, blames it on the intransigent Communists and mounts an attack on détente itself, that also will be greeted skeptically. And we would add that Mr. Nixon is capable of using the failure of a mission to Moscow as pretext for inflaming our fears. Even then, however, we doubt if he could rally the country, however solemnly he assured it that the old Nixon had been right, that we can't do business with the Russians, and that we must forthwith look to our defenses.

Top level meetings abroad are a practical diplomatic device, properly timed, sparingly used. But summitry that produces little more than some handshaking mummery (and that is what Mr. Nixon's last trip—to Paris—amounted to) is meaningless. It will be seen in Moscow and here as a contrivance for momentarily escaping confrontation with an impeachment-minded Congress, another diversionary, delaying tactic in the President's battle for political survival. He should stay home until the case against him is decided.

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Don't Get Sick Yet

Congress has long talked of reforming the health system, not just creating more doctors and hospitals, but getting doctors to move to neighborhoods where they're needed and opening hospital doors to the working poor. In the last few years congressmen have also discovered there is interest in slowing medical inflation and making it possible for middle-class families to survive "catastrophic illness"—defined as any illness that runs medical bills so high that the patient's insurance turns off and refuses to pay. Even the budget-minded White House couldn't avoid noticing the health crisis: medical costs were going up faster than those in any other sector of the economy. Before wage and price controls were imposed, hospital charges were increasing between 10 and 14 percent each year. The increases have been held within reason the last three years, but now that controls are being lifted inflation is sure to resume.

There are about a dozen health proposals in Congress representing the concerns of some of the biggest lobbies in town—an insurance company bill, a doctors' bill, a big labor bill and variations on several of these. The content of these bills shifts with the tide of debate, but the forces behind them remain the same. Those least excited about change are out front with the others, furiously writing and rewriting bills that reform nothing.

Early in April, Sen. Kennedy and Rep. Wilbur Mills announced that they were co-sponsoring a new national health insurance measure. Their compromise was put together in a hurry—in 20 days—immediately after they found something to agree on. Bits of the old Kennedy-Griffiths Health Security Act were stitched to pieces of the Nixon health bill and a "catastrophic illness" insurance bill proposed by Sens. Russell Long and Abraham Ribicoff. The gaps and inconsistencies in the legislation were not smoothed out, one observer said, because Kennedy and Mills wanted to have something in type before the lobbyists began twisting arms. At least one powerful lobbyist, Andrew Biemiller of the AFL-CIO, knew what was happening. He met with Mills and persuaded him to accept a principle of the old Kennedy bill, that insurance should be financed publicly through the Social Security Administration, not privately through the corporations. Mills agreed but saw to it that private companies weren't completely excluded; they were retained à la Medicare as "providers" of standard benefits defined by the government. Companies will also be allowed to sell insurance for areas not covered in the bill. Mills insisted that the bill not cost any more in federal dollars than Nixon's bill, which meant adopting some of Nixon's customer charges. Thus under Kennedy-Mills, each patient must pay $150 for medical care each year before the government will help, and he must pay 25 percent of all costs thereafter. A complicated set of regulations would keep these costs from reaching the "catastrophic" level.

The Kennedy-Mills compromise came as a shock because it represents a change in policy for both men. Before it made its appearance, the strongest position was held by Sens. Long and Ribicoff, respectively chairman and leading liberal on the Finance Committee. In their bill they propose to give relief to the poorest of the working poor and do away with the well publicized evils of "catastrophic illness." They thought they had something that couldn't fail to pass. If it were to pass, the flaws of the system would be left intact. Except for the very poor and very sick, health care would continue to be allocated by income and the established big-name insurance companies would grow fat. It was precisely because Long-Ribicoff was so popular that Kennedy sought help from Mills.

Mills' change of heart was provoked by the Bolling committee report on House reform, which recommends that since Mills' committee is too busy to handle health legislation, it give the job to someone else. An interesting trade-off may have taken place. As Mills stepped closer to the health security act that big labor wants, big labor stepped closer to Wilbur Mills. The AFL-CIO has instructed its lobbyists to try to defeat the Bolling report.

Not long after Kennedy-Mills was made public, big labor began to attack it. The Committee for National Health Insurance, chaired by United Auto Workers president Leonard Woodcock, voted in mid-April to oppose it. The AFL-CIO is preparing for an executive meeting on May 8 that will surely denounce it. Why are these former Kennedy supporters attacking his latest bill? The unions have good reasons. In the first place Kennedy has abandoned some essential features of his old bill: he's willing to retain private insurers despite their inefficiencies; he's agreed to charge patients $150 a year; and he's included a "means test" to determine poverty—anathema to his labor friends. Worst of all, the labor spokesmen say, Kennedy's new bill doesn't guarantee health care as a right.

Tactically the unions have nothing to gain by supporting a bill like this, for subsequent compromises would move in a conservative direction. Stan Jones, a former director of HEW's office of health management policy and now Kennedy's chief aide for insurance reform, understands the labor point of view. He says, "If I were in their position, I'd be saying this bill isn't strong enough and I'd be holding back my support right up to the last moment when I knew I couldn't get any better."

Mills has already begun hearings, but a Ways and Means staffer says that more than 200 witnesses have asked to speak. Because hearings can only be squeezed in on Fridays, it may be 20 weeks before the committee begins writing a bill. Sen. Russell Long, Mills' counterpart in the Senate, hasn't scheduled any hearings on health insurance. The presence of the Kennedy-Mills

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alliance makes it impossible for Congress to rush through an easy, popular solution like Long-Ribicoff before November. Impeachment will slow the process further. It looks as though Congress must decide to accept something resembling the Kennedy-Mills plan or postpone deciding until after the election. The second seems more probable. Kennedy and the labor unions are willing to wait. They're convinced the 94th Congress will be more responsive.

Election Funding Debate

The time is fast approaching for some tough decisions on campaign financing reform. Present law requires detailed reporting of contributions and expenditures in presidential and congressional primary and general elections. The 1971 law also set up an income tax checkoff system that should provide substantial federal financing of the 1976 presidential general elections. Last month the Senate went further. It voted to expand public financing to cover general and primary elections for all federal offices. It also fixed spending and contributing limits and established a bipartisan independent elections commission to supervise disbursement of federal elections funds and to enforce reporting and disclosure requirements.

Now it's the turn of the House. Its administration committee is chaired by procrastinating Rep. Wayne Hays of Ohio, who wants no public financing for congressional elections; he thinks putting federal dollars into the 1976 presidential election is reform enough. Mr. Hays is also against an independent commission—he likes things the way they are, with almost no enforcement. If limits are to be put on what any congressional candidate may spend, he wants them low—around $60,000, though Common Cause statistics show it took about $100,000 to unseat an incumbent House member in 1972.

The excesses of the 1972 Nixon reelection committee—including the cash layouts that tied the committee to the Watergate burglars—were discovered thanks in good part to the reporting provisions of the 1971 act. But that 1972 experience also turned up some weaknesses in the law, one being the lack of independent enforcement machinery. When, for example, the General Accounting Office uncovered the Watergate cash, GAO investigators had no subpoena power to compel testimony or the production of documentary evidence. Furthermore in August 1972, when the GAO turned its material over to the Justice Department and recommended a criminal investigation, it was told the department would not act until after the election. Reports of House and Senate election spending are filed with either the clerk of the House or the secretary of the Senate, two officials elected by the members of those bodies. Neither has the staff or the will to investigate the men who put them into office.

Some enforcement machinery run by the GAO or a new bipartisan commission is needed, as is some limitation on the amount an individual can contribute and on what a candidate can spend. The Senate bill sets $3000 as the maximum anyone can give a single candidate's campaign and $25,000 as the total a person can contribute to all federal candidates in a single year. It also imposes an eight-cent per voter limit on its own primary races (12 cents for the general campaign) and, arbitrarily, a $90,000 limit on House races. There is legitimate disagreement on how high the limits should be. Setting them too low would give incumbents an unfair advantage.

These two elements, independent enforcement and dollar limits, are prerequisites for any comprehensive public financing of elections. The public, for example, would hardly tolerate public funds going to a candidate, if they came on top of unlimited amounts of privately raised money.

There is room for reasonable compromise if both sides give a little. Postponing any expansion of public financing beyond the present tax checkoff plan could be balanced by an acceptance of independent administration for enforcement of present reporting provisions. Spending and contributing limits could be negotiated with the understanding they could be revised on the basis of experience in the congressional elections this year.

Which Man's Burden?

The best thing that happened in the history of the lawsuit known as *DeFunis v. Odegaard* is that the Supreme Court agreed to hear and consider the case. The worst thing that could have happened would have been for the Court to have decided it. The four Nixon appointees and Justice Stewart concluded after the written briefs had been filed and oral presentations made, that Mr. DeFunis would get nothing more from a judgment in his favor than he has today, since he has virtually completed his legal education at the University of Washington. So they ruled last week that the case was "moot" and should not be decided. Justice Brennan, speaking for the Court's more activist wing (which was eager to rule, although only Justice Douglas indicated how he would have voted) claimed that avoidance of the constitutional issue "clearly disserves the the public interest." In an observation that Court watchers could not dispute, he noted that "few constitutional questions in recent history have stirred as much debate." There are, however, some public ques-

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tions that are not decided better simply because they are decided sooner, and the important issue presented by *DeFunis* is probably among them.

It has been recognized since at least the mid '60s that generations of racial discrimination are not adequately corrected by permitting America's black population to begin competing today, on a fair and nondiscriminatory basis, with all other citizens for housing, jobs and education. "Affirmative action" is a phrase developed in employment discrimination cases concerning employers or unions who had consistently rejected applicants because of their race. The complaining parties—occasionally the NAACP and, at times, the Department of Justice—urged the courts to require employers to put the total employment balance where it would have been if there had been no pattern of discrimination. And the courts, accepting the principle that one ought not to be permitted to profit from his own past misdeeds, imposed on employers and unions the duty of reaching out to find blacks to fill the employment rolls. There were, to be sure, anguished cries that affirmative-action programs such as the "Philadelphia Plan" constituted discrimination-in-reverse, but these were usually put down as reactionary and crypto-racist claims. The overpowering need, as viewed by the enforcers of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 (and I, at the Department of Justice's Civil Rights Division, was among them), was to bring some semblance of parity—at least in blue-collar employment—to the black community.

There were, to be sure, gnawing doubts. When employees black and white—both equally bare of qualifications—were seeking jobs as asbestos workers, the employer was, we thought, obliged to hire black because he had so consistently in the past rejected black's brothers and hired white's. White himself was not a party to these misdeeds, and it was unfortunate that he was to be out of a job because others with white skins had been the beneficiaries of immoral or illegal practices. But these were, it was believed, just some of the burdens one had to bear if one lived in a society where past wrongs had been committed and had to be repaired.

There was, however, a disquieting sameness to the groups that were being asked to bear the burden. Affirmative action first made its appearance in the area of blue-collar employment, and it was the Irish, the Poles and the Italians who, it seems, were being kept out of jobs so their employers could carry out their affirmative-action obligations. And then, when one dealt with the duty to cure past discrimination in public education and in housing, the same ethnic groups were the first to be affected. Busing programs and scattersite public housing projects barely touched the upper class, which sent its children to private schools and lived in the far-out suburbs. Complaints were heard again from the blue-collar workers whose neighborhoods and schools were the first to be affected. Was it, one wondered, fair that the burden of curing two centuries of racial discrimination, dating as far back as pre-Revolutionary days, be cast entirely on this or that particular group?

What made the questions of social policy even more intricate was the fact that those excluded by affirmative action were often themselves more victims than victimizers. The employer was really not suffering too badly if he was forced to hire black rather than white as a construction worker, but white might very well be uneducated, poor and, if unable to land this particular job, totally unemployable. A fair affirmative-action program—one that pinches where the squeeze should be felt—would have required the employer to hire *both* black and white, even if he needed only one.

The spread of affirmative action from blue-collar employment to academic life—partly because of pressure from the Office of Civil Rights of the Department of HEW—gave rise to the *DeFunis* case. Colleges and universities under HEW jurisdiction now have affirmative-action employment and admission programs, and these are policed by federal officials. Again, a critical question is: who should pay to correct society's maladjustment. At this point, Jewish groups, representing a community that had suffered discrimination and found a refuge in certain professions and in the universities, complained—with substantial justification—that an excessive share of the costs of repair comes out of the Jewish community.

The *DeFunis* case focused national attention on the fact that most affirmative-action programs exclude as many people as they include, and it made us aware of the often compelling individual circumstances of those excluded. The debate in and out of the Court has not really gone beneath the surface. Those supporting DeFunis' position have argued that his exclusion was pursuant to a racial quota because whites were treated differently from blacks and Chicanos. Those opposing his position have argued that past injustices must be corrected. Neither side has really addressed itself to the other's legitimate grievance, and a decision by the Court at this time—on so flimsy a public record—would only have had a polarizing effect. Had DeFunis won, all efforts to escalate opportunities for the education and employment of minorities would have been jeopardized. Had the University of Washington prevailed, there would have been little reason for sober judgment or restraint in the formulation of future affirmative-action programs. The result of the Court's action is to submit the question to further public debate, possibly even to legislative solution, and to force those who implement federal law and the commands of the Constitution to weigh the interests of those currently displaced along with those historically deprived.

Nathan Lewin

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If It's Progress, We Don't Want It

Denver

Denver was once a tidy little city with a crystalline view of the Front Range, a place where asthmatics could escape. Now it's a sprawling megalopolis with more cars per capita than Los Angeles, submerged many a day beneath a blanket of heavy smog. Boulder to the north and Colorado Springs to the south are rapidly being overrun by tract homes, shopping centers and fast fried chicken chains. The mountain areas around Aspen and Vail are pocked with land developments, air pollution and congestion, and now the northwest corner of the state is nervously awaiting the impact of oil shale, coal and natural gas development. If the land in the state now subdivided were to be settled at present density rates, the result would be a strip city along the eastern slope of the Rockies, stretching from Fort Collins to Colorado Springs, with a population of 12 million. The prospect horrifies those who cherish Colorado's clean mountain air and scenic vistas, and they have adopted as both bumper sticker and battle cry the exhortation, "Don't Californicate Colorado." This isn't the only state wary of growth. Oregon's Gov. Tom McCall urges people to visit but not locate in Oregon. Hawaii, Florida and Vermont have land use laws to regulate if not prohibit population growth. Delaware and California restrict coastal development. Montanans don't want their farmlands stripped so Minneapolis can have electricity.

Coloradans gripe that it's *their* mountains that will be gouged to heat *their* water in Los Angeles' swimming pools. (Yet we are one nation and who's to deny energy to city-dwellers or the right of anyone to own a second home?) Those who love Colorado for its outdoor amenities say they're not trying to keep people away, only trying to keep the state attractive for everyone; if too many crowd in, no one will have enough elbow room, even visitors. It's also pointed out that many parts of Colorado are losing population while metropolitan Denver and the ski areas boom. The trick is to deflect growth from overdeveloped areas to parts of the state that can absorb it and need it.

Coloradans have little to say about whether and how their enormous resources will be handled; decisions made in Washington and the Middle East are what count. With the price of petroleum soaring, oil shale mining is suddenly attractive, and the Interior Department has begun leasing federal lands. Coal development is imminent too, and like shale development it will consume large quantities of water, foul the air and land, reduce the wildlife and triple the population of the western slope over the next 15 years, attracting tens of thousands of tract and mobile homes.

Residents have mixed emotions about this seemingly inevitable transformation. Some welcome it because of the money. Others don't want to be ripped up and ripped off the way Appalachia was. They are afraid that rising land values and taxes, while a boon to some, will price many long-time residents out of their own communities.

Another perceived threat to the western slope is the Atomic Energy Commission's program to stimulate recovery of natural gas by using underground nuclear explosions; it could contaminate water tables and interfere with the recovery of shale and other minerals. Critics contend that a cheaper, safer, more efficient way to get natural gas out of tight Western rock formations would be through hydraulic fracturing. Republican Gov. John Vanderhoof, who took over when John Love left to become Nixon's short-lived energy czar, has vowed to oppose further nuclear testing in Colorado.

Citizens in Boulder tried to pass an initiative in 1971 that would have limited the city's population to 100,000. It failed, but the city council substantially boosted the hook-on charge for city water, imposed a height limitation on buildings, launched an open-space acquisition program, and undertook a thorough study of the possibilities of limiting growth. Ironically the short-term effect of these measures has been to encourage, not deter, development. "There's been an enormous spurt in building because everyone is trying to get in before they shut the door," says Bryan Morgan of the Environmental Defense Fund.

Activists in Denver opposed a large parking garage system and defeated a series of water bond issues in 1972, water from over the mountains being critical to Denver's growth. But pro-development forces came back last year and got essentially the same water bonds passed by persuading the voters that the issue wasn't growth but a potential water shortage. In Aspen, Colorado Springs and Fort Collins, "no growth" candidates have been elected to the city councils. The most notable expression of voter sentiment on growth was the rejection of the 1976 Winter Olympics by a sizable margin. Colorado politicians acknowledge that "land use" is the issue of the hour. Some want to give the state power to limit growth along the eastern slope and encourage it where large farms are taking over and small towns are dying. Others believe that local governments should retain the major policymaking role in land use. A few believe that landowners should be permitted to do anything they want with

COMING: a case study of media monopoly in two cities, by Walter Pincus

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their land, so they endorse weak land use legislation, because it's politic to be for *something*.

Last year the House in Colorado passed, but the Senate rejected, a bill that would have set up a five-member state commission with power to veto major land development proposals. Opposition came primarily from county commissioners who feared the state was treading too far onto their turf. This year no fewer than 11 land use bills have been introduced. One of them, supported by the governor, would give the state some limited authority to review undesirable developments and plan for more decentralized growth.

Colorado has no effective strip mining law and no severance tax on oil shale; a modest severance tax proposal was voted down by the Republican-controlled legislature last month. An immediate need is front-end money to meet the demand for roads, schools, sewers, water and other public services that shale workers will require. Some of it will come from the state's 37.5 percent share of the bonus bids on federal oil shale tracts, but this won't be enough.

The biggest question for the western slope is what will happen when the shale and coal resources are depleted. Colorado is dotted with ghost towns that went through boom-and-bust cycles in the 19th century. Some have been revived as picturesque tourist attractions, but there will be nothing picturesque about mobile home ghettos generated by shale development. Some foresighted planners, such as John Gilmore and Mary Duff of the Denver Research Institute, suggest using revenues from oil shale to build permanent, attractive communities on the western slope that could deflect some growth from the Front Range. This would require a planning and development capability that neither the state nor local government now has.

Colorado voters will have a chance to express themselves on several of these issues this year. Activist groups are planning to place two initiatives on the ballot: one to prohibit nuclear stimulation of natural gas and another to impose an 11 percent severance tax on oil shale (the highest such tax in the nation is Louisiana's 12 percent production levy on oil and gas). A third ballot possibility is a strong land use bill if the legislature doesn't come up with one this session.

In addition, State Rep. Richard Lamm, who has been a prime mover of the slow-growth forces, is making a race for governor. He faces opposition in the Democratic primary from Mark Hogan, a land developer and former lieutenant governor, and Tom Farley, the House minority leader. Gov. Vanderhoof will most likely be the Republican candidate, and he'll be hard to beat in spite of Watergate. At the moment Hogan appears to be the front-runner for the Democratic nomination, but Lamm is walking the state and has a corps of dedicated, conservation-minded volunteers.

Peter Barnes

The Nixon Watch

Haig's White House

On the night of April 16, flying back to Washington with the Nixons after a long weekend at the President's Florida home, Gen. Alexander M. Haig, Jr., was in relaxed conversation with several other members of the White House staff on Air Force One. A military aide, Lieut. Col. William Golden, remarked that on the previous Friday in Washington, before the party left for Florida, Sen. Mike Mansfield of Montana telephoned the President and Mr. Nixon returned the call. Gen. Haig shot up from his seat as if he had been ejected by rocket. "What did you say?" he growled to Col. Golden. Golden repeated the remark. "Why didn't you tell me that?" Haig asked his executive assistant, Maj. George Joulwan. Joulwan said he hadn't known about the call. Haig, normally calm and at ease, was angry, serious—*formidable*. He glared in turn at Golden, Joulwan, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler and others in the group and said: "I run this White House and don't you ever forget it. Don't ever let that happen again." After a pause to let the message sink in he repeated "I run this White House" and sat down.

During the year since April 30, 1973, when the ordered world of the Nixon White House fell apart with the resignations of H. R. Haldeman, until then the staff chief, and John D. Ehrlichman, the assistant for domestic affairs, there were times when survivors on the staff doubted that Haig or anybody else was running the place. They missed the firm and unquestioned authority with which Haldeman controlled access to the President and practically all communication, written and oral, with him. Even those who came to blame Haldeman for letting the Watergate horrors gather over and descend upon the President remembered with nostalgia the cool efficiency that seemed to be his and his regime's hallmark. For a time after Haig, previously Henry Kissinger's deputy and briefly the army's four-star Vice Chief of Staff, reappeared at the White House on May 4 of last year in Haldeman's job, there were complaints that he wasn't taking hold. Haig himself admitted later to some uncertainty during that initial period. He assumed for a while that he was on temporary duty and destined for early return to the army. Although he had known and been respected by Haldeman's and Ehrlichman's subordinates when he was running the National Security Council staff for Kissinger, the thought of dealing directly with them in Haldeman's role made Haig uneasy. He brought aboard an army friend and associate, retired Maj. Gen. John C. Bennett, to be his deputy and a buffer between him and the civilians over whom the President had put him.

The uncertainty is long past. The only surprising thing about the little story at the start of this report

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is that Haig felt it necessary for him to say to anyone on the staff, "I run this White House." One of many signs of the total assurance with which he operates is the recent reorganization of his immediate staff. Gen. Bennett has gone. Haig, behaving in a way that is reminiscent of his experience in his first 18 months with Henry Kissinger, has decided to do without a deputy. He looks to Maj. Joulwan and to a civilian, Jerry Jones, to do for him what a deputy would otherwise do.

Joulwan, aged 34 and a 1961 graduate of West Point, wants it known that he has a master's degree in international relations from Loyola University, Chicago, and that he majored in the history and nature of the presidency when he won the degree in 1968. He's served with Haig off and on over the past eight years, in Vietnam and at the Pentagon among other places. Haig says that he and Joulwan know each other so well that he, Haig, doesn't have to waste time explaining what he means and wants to Joulwan. He therefore regards Joulwan as "a perfect communicator" with other people and uses him for that purpose. Jerry Jones, also 34, is a former businessman and personnel specialist who came to the White House as a protégé of Frederic V. Malek, now deputy director of the Office of Management and Budget. Jones was Malek's deputy at the White House and, in 1972, at the Committee for the Re-election of the President. He succeeded Malek at the head of the White House staff charged with recruiting executive personnel for federal agencies and it was in this capacity that he caught Haig's attention.

A seldom noted fact about Haig is that he regards himself as the President's chief recruiter and placer of high-level personnel. He is very proud of the job that he and Jones have done in this area since mid-1973. In transferring Jones from the personnel office to his staff, Haig appears to be formalizing and strengthening his interest in and authority over executive recruitment. In late 1972 and early 1973, before Watergate in its various connotations overshadowed all else, the acknowledged purpose of White House recruitment and assignment was to extend and secure the President's authority throughout the federal establishment. Haig is said to maintain that he has reversed this policy, from centralization to decentralization. Maybe he has. It must be noted, however, that Fred Malek perfected, if he didn't invent the philosophy of centralization in the Nixon manner. At OMB Malek retains a good deal of authority over personnel matters and his sometime deputy and disciple, Jerry Jones, is the assistant who specializes in recruitment for Haig. Although the general impression at the White House is that Jones has the title and status of deputy to Haig, the actual title is staff secretary. The previous holder of that title was a Haldeman protégé, Bruce Kehrli. He is still on the payroll, on terminal leave, but has left the White House.

Apart from his own staff arrangements, Haig has a voice and usually the decisive voice in important organizational moves throughout the White House establishment. The newest White House counsellor, Dean Burch, was first approached by Haig and agreed with Haig to join the staff before Burch and the President discussed the appointment. Early this year, when the respective jurisdictions of Ronald Ziegler and Communications Director Ken W. Clawson were debated and redefined, the President seemed to be willing to give the aggressive and ambitious Clawson the inclusive sway that he wanted over every aspect of White House "public relations," the official euphemism for overt propaganda as distinct from what passes for information. Haig preferred to restrict Clawson's jurisdiction and Haig prevailed. There were indications in this period that Haig wished and expected Press Secretary Ziegler to resume his largely abandoned role as the regular briefer of the White House press corps and to put less of his time and energies into private discussion and consultation with the President. In this matter Haig did not prevail. Ziegler continues to be less accessible to reporters than Haig is.

Haig also failed to get his way in an episode that illustrates both his prestige and the weakness of the Nixon presidency. When Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger decided that he wanted Paul Nitze, a former deputy secretary of Defense and more recently a key figure in strategic arms negotiations with the Soviet Union, to be his assistant secretary for international security affairs, Haig was one of two men with whom Schlesinger cleared the idea. The other one was Henry Kissinger. Haig and Kissinger approved the proposal. So did the President, in a routine and passive fashion. He became actively involved only when Sen. Barry Goldwater objected and threatened to block Nitze's nomination, apparently in the mistaken belief that Nitze is a softie who would concede too much to the Soviet Union. The President, desperately in need of conservative support, drew back and refused to nominate Nitze. Goldwater's intervention outraged Haig. He was heard to say that bigotry on the right is as offensive as bigotry on the left.

Haig and his predecessor, Bob Haldeman, are very different individuals. Haldeman was secretive, inaccessible, vengeful, a worker in the dark. Haig is open in manner, moderately accessible, much more visible than Haldeman was. Yet the White House with Haig isn't very different from the White House with Haldeman. The reason is obvious. It wasn't Haldeman's White House and it isn't Haig's White House. It was and is Richard Nixon's White House and that is the trouble.

John Osborne

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Mississippi Saga of the Chicken-Fried Taxpayer

The Marx Brothers made a movie called "Duck Soup" and another called "Horsefeathers," but I don't think they got involved with chickens. If they had, they would have played it with the same zany touch that big business and the federal government have brought to a real-life chicken story that includes one mystery villain, two vegetable oil manufacturers, five chicken processers, a flock of congressmen, 785 chicken farmers, 1100 chicken processing workers and about nine million chickens, now dead.

On a recent Sunday morning newspapers throughout the country reported that the federal government had ordered the destruction of millions of chickens being raised on Mississippi farms. Those chickens had eaten feed that contained traces of Dieldrin, a powerful pesticide made by Shell Chemical and used much like DDT. It kills pests, but it also has the potential to kill people—Dieldrin has been linked to cancer.

Dieldrin is not used *on* chickens. It is applied to field crops such as corn. But in today's technological agriculture, something done to corn may crop up later in someone's box of fried chicken. In the Mississippi case the chicken contamination was traced back to two local manufacturers of vegetable oil, which is mixed into chicken feed. The oil is added to make the chickens grow faster. The most popular contamination theory is that this particular batch of oil was made from soybeans that were shipped to the two manufacturers in railroad cars that previously had held corn that had been sprayed with Dieldrin. The chickens ate the feed that contained the oil that contained the Dieldrin. The Department of Agriculture's periodic spot check of chicken factories hit the right spot this time, finding nine million birds that had up to 10 times the dose of Dieldrin allowed under standards set by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). The big chicken kill was ordered.

The scene shifts to Washington. Rather than swallowing the bitter loss as one of those risks of doing business, or seeking damages through legal action against the negligent parties, a chicken delegation from Scott County showed up in the Capital and were escorted about town by Sen. James Eastland (who was born in Scott County), Sen. John Stennis and Rep. Jamie Whitten. In agricultural matters, that's a powerful trio.

The delegation first visited the EPA and tried to get the agency to raise its tolerance level for Dieldrin, thus allowing the contaminated chickens to be marketed. Rebuffed there and facing the certainty of nine million dead chickens, the delegation adopted Plan B: plead poverty and bill the loss to the taxpayers.

Suddenly, Sen. Eastland was on the Senate floor with a bill to pay "a fair value" for the chickens and the cost of destroying them. The Department of Agriculture estimated that the indemnification will cost $10 million. The bill was supposed to be an "emergency" measure, but its benefits extended inexplicably through 1977 (later amended to Dec. 31, 1974). The Eastland chicken bill got immediate consideration and zipped through the Senate Agriculture Committee in one day, without a public hearing. The committee was almost poignant in its finding that "many of the production employees will be without jobs temporarily, and many of the 785 growers will have empty broiler houses."

The skids were greased for a quick payoff until Sens. Dick Clark of Iowa and Philip Hart of Michigan raised an extremely relevant question: *who* is being paid off?

The question is relevant because chicken raising ain't what it used to be. There was a time when independent farmers raised chickens for chicken eaters. Now farmers are under contract to raise the birds for large, integrated firms and chicken processors, including the likes of Wilson Meats, Pillsbury, Holly Farms, Continental Grain and Kentucky Fried Chicken. The corporations provide the chicks, the feed, the management, the processing and the marketing; the farmer provides the chicken house and his own labor. The family farmer—in whose name the Eastland bill was put forward—is unorganized, has no bargaining power and hires out cheap. Chicken may be 80 to 90 cents at the supermarket, but the chicken farmer is getting two cents a pound. Corporations get the rest. In order to have any market at all, the farmer is compelled to sign these one-sided contracts. This country raises 2.9 billion chickens a year. Ninety-eight percent of them are produced under this corporate method.

Flashback to Mississippi. Scott County's economy rides on the backs of chickens, but practically all of them are owned by five integrated processors. They own the nine million chickens, and the 785 farmers all are under contract to them. It's the processors who are making the big kill. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the taxpayer will lay out a dollar a bird. One of the five processors has said that the farmers under contract to him can expect about four cents out of that dollar. Out of a total of $10 million indemnification, 785 farmers will divide about $585,000; 1100 workers will divide about $450,000. Five integrated processers will divide nine million dollars, which covers not only their total investment and the cost of killing the birds, but their profits! Last week the Senate approved the indemnification bill—56 to 31.

Sen. Hart did manage to attach an amendment requiring the Secretary of Agriculture to recover damages, if and when he determines who was responsible for the Dieldrin contamination. The bill as amended has gone to the House.

James Hightower

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The Willkie Example

Can an Unknown Be Nominated in 1976?

A campus rap session now and then lapses into a parlor game. Can you name anyone anywhere you think is fit to be President of the United States, who could be nominated? The response around the circle is vague and on the despairing side. What about Kingman Brewster? Who is he? Well, he's president of Yale and a very good guy. What about David Rockefeller? He's got enough money so he could be honest. Yes, but what about his brother, Nelson? Nelson *wants* to be President. Too old and besides he wanted to build all those air raid shelters. The dilemma they keep coming back to is identity. Someone brings up the name of Sen. Walter Mondale of Minnesota. But how many have heard of him?

They have never known, these very young philosophers overcome by the Watergate horrors, of one of the most exciting races in American political history. From out of the blue, without any previous political experience, came a candidate who won the Republican nomination for President. Six months before Wendell Willkie was nominated by the Republican convention in Philadelphia in 1940, he was a political unknown. At that convention he bested the two men who had been widely considered as the front-runners. One was Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio, an isolationist, inveighing against any American participation, direct or indirect, in the war engulfing Europe. The other was New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey whose crime busting successes had made him a kind of urban St. George. They had both come to Philadelphia with substantial delegate commitments and the familiar adherents at work in the delegate vineyard.

The time was not unlike the present. While the crisis was international rather than domestic, the politics of the past looked pitifully inadequate. The Nazi armies overrunning all of Europe were standing on the channel with fear of an invasion of Britain a possibility and even a likelihood. The Republicans gathering in Philadelphia were certain the Democratic candidate would be Franklin Roosevelt seeking a third term. Breaking the two-term precedent that went back to George Washington was enough to alienate many voters. With millions still unemployed, the New Deal had failed to live up to its promises and the strife it generated left many Americans disillusioned and ready for a change.

How did the Willkie miracle come about? Influential publicists such as Gardner and John Cowles of the Des Moines and Minneapolis newspapers and Russell Davenport, the editor of *Fortune* magazine, had something to do with it. Their enthusiasm was communicated to many publishers and commentators so the Democrats could deride the Willkie candidacy as the product of a few men responsive to big advertisers and big business. But I believe it was as nearly spontaneous combustion as anything that has happened in our political life. Willkie clubs sprang up across the country, organized for the most part by amateurs spurning the regular ward and precinct organizations. A young lawyer named Oren Root, nephew of Elihu Root, was carried away to such an extent that in the early months of 1940 he was devoting almost full time to promoting the Willkie candidacy.

The man himself, with his magnetic appeal, the strong force of his personality, was a large part of it. Respect for success in business was then much greater than it is today, and Willkie had risen from modest origins as a lawyer in Indiana to be president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, a giant utility holding company. His salary, and this had an impressive ring in that far-off time, was $75,000 a year. Willkie had repeatedly challenged the Tennessee Valley Authority invading the territory of his company and as such he was the embattled champion of free enterprise. Needless to say, that did him no harm at Philadelphia.

After he had won the nomination on the sixth ballot, with wildly cheering partisans in the galleries, Willkie began the organization of his campaign. He swung into his first cross-country journey by train with such zeal that he soon lost his voice. He had little experience speaking to large crowds. It was characteristic of the errors of one new to big-time politics and surrounded more often than not by ardent amateurs. Yet he gave FDR the hardest run of any of his four campaigns. One of the unfortunate results, with the Nazi triumphs in Europe and the strong pull of isolationism, was to push Roosevelt into promises that were to haunt him as he continued to be powerless to move against the conquering fascists until the Japanese attacked at Pearl Harbor. He told a Boston audience that he would never send their sons into a foreign war. This was in response to Willkie and the isolationism of the Republican party. While he received 22,304,000 votes on election day to 27,243,000 for Roosevelt, Willkie's electoral total was only 82, as against 449 for the third-term winner. Willkie was deeply embittered by the outcome. But before long, following a visit to war-torn London, he joined in an appeal to put the country as nearly as possible on a war footing short of an actual declaration of war.

With television, which was nonexistent in 1940, it would be much simpler to put over a truly charismatic unknown. Of course it would take money and, in contrast, as late as early June 1940, Willkie told a reporter he'd spent only about $2500 of his own funds and he calculated that others around the country had put out probably not more than $25,000. These figures were not challenged. In light of the widespread cynicism and disillusionment with all politicians, I hesitate to

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say that a Willkie could happen again. This time it might be a man on horseback, a potential dictator, trading on the mood of distrust of all potential candidates, whether Republicans or Democrats. But it could happen. I put this possibility to one of President Nixon's close advisers. Yes, he said, with television and given three to six months, the unknown, if he had the requisite appeal, could catch hold and challenge the old familiars.

Marquis Childs

Confrontation in The Persian Gulf

The purported aim of the Nixon doctrine is to lower the American profile in the world as the US and its adversaries turn from Cold War confrontation to "the era of negotiation." In reality the administration continues to assert its global ambitions indirectly by arming and encouraging surrogates to pursue policies the US is supposed to have abandoned. Nowhere is this double-edged policy being carried out more strenuously than in the Persian Gulf. The US is supplying Iran, Saudi Arabia and other states with huge quantities of sophisticated weapons as well as with advisers and technical assistance, and, in the process, transforming the area into a bristling arsenal. Matching the build-up is a Pentagon effort to get permanent US naval forces into the nearby Indian Ocean, which until now has been outside the sphere of American interests. The implications of this military push are considerable. The US is increasingly courting the risk of involvement in local disputes between its clients and their neighbors and could become committed to the defense of regimes threatened internally. All this has prompted a Soviet response that seems to be steering us back to stormy seas the President and Secretary of State Kissinger sometimes suggest are behind us. That prospect has been discerned by former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, who said recently that, "it is particularly important that diplomatic action be taken to begin defusing what is a politically explosive situation" in the area. The administration, however, seems headed in the opposite direction.

The latest administration move is an agreement, soon to be announced officially, under which the US will beef up Saudi Arabia's national guard, a paramilitary organization of Bedouin troops whose principal function is to maintain domestic order and protect the country's petroleum installations, among them the facilities of Aramco, the American-Arabian Oil Company. According to reports the national guard will be equipped with such modern hardware as the M-60, the US Army's main battle tank, which has a 105-mm. high-velocity gun and a top speed of 30 miles per hour. About 40 American military and civilian advisers have been training the Saudi national guard over the past year; it is expected that their number will increase. Saudi Arabia already deploys Hawk surface-to-air missiles, has ordered some 200 F-5E fighter aircraft from the US, and is said to be in the market for A-7 Corsairs and F-14 Tomcats. The US is also building the Saudi Arabians a navy of 19 ships at a cost of $750 million and providing them with the specialists to construct various projects. The air force development operation, incongruously known as Peace Hawk, involves some 700 Pentagon employees and former military men now representing firms like Lockheed, Northrop and Raytheon. US Army engineers have been building ports for the future Saudi Arabian navy. In the estimation of one Washington expert, Saudi Arabia is laying down the foundations of a military establishment that may eventually equal that of Iran, the region's major indigenous power.

Since the early 1960s, when he first began to buy advanced equipment from the US, the Shah of Iran has built up a formidable force that currently includes, in the words of one observer, "most everything short of atomic weapons." He has purchased $3.7 billion worth of US arms within the past 18 months and plans to spend as much as nine billion dollars more during the next two years. His arsenal not only features such items as M-60 tanks, optically tracked TOW anti-tank missiles and F-4 Phantoms, one of the most maneuverable fighter aircraft available, but he will soon acquire F-14As outfitted with Phoenix rockets and ultra-modern AH1J Sea Cobra helicopters. He may also be getting F-15s and laser-guided bombs. But the US is not only selling him arms. With Washington's approval, American companies like Hughes Aircraft and the Northrop Corporation are engaged in joint ventures to put up Iranian factories capable of manufacturing missiles and other weapons. More ominously, US help has been spurring the Shah to thrust beyond his own borders so that, as he once put it, Iran will be recognized as "one of the keys of the world." For example some 300 Iranian paratroopers armed with American equipment and using US-made helicopters are fighting against the Dhofar rebels in the sheikdom of Oman, where the Shah is seeking to gain a foothold closer to the Indian Ocean. On the southwestern coast of Iran, meanwhile, American contractors are building him a $600 million air and navy station that, when completed, will be the largest base in the Indian Ocean.

The Shah's expansive notions fit the Pentagon's own designs. Specifically the Defense Department is requesting $32.3 million from Congress to enlarge a communications station on the British-owned island of Diego Garcia into a base capable of supplying and fueling US warships operating in the Indian Ocean;

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although State Department specialists said only three years ago that the Indian Ocean was "marginal" to US interests, administration officials now claim that the Diego Garcia base is vital to maintain "continued access" to Middle East oil and to counterbalance Soviet "influence" in the region. The congressional controversy over the issue is likely to keep the question up in the air for some time, but the Pentagon's arguments suggest that the administration, détente notwithstanding, still views the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean in old-fashioned strategic terms.

Those who favor a tougher posture in the area by the US and its clients point to the fact that the Soviet Union has been shipping weapons to Iraq, aiding the Marxist regime in South Yemen and helping the Dhofar rebels. But most of the evidence indicates that Soviet conduct in the region has been quite cautious, at least compared to ours. Rep. Lee Hamilton of Indiana, chairman of the House subcommittee on the Near East, estimates that American arms sales to its protégés in the Persian Gulf have been at least six times greater than those of the Russians to their clients. A British expert on the area, Simon Head, submits that the Soviet leaders have been motivated by three defensive factors in the formulation of policy. They sought new Arab allies as their influence in Egypt waned after 1970 and chose Iraq largely because they may have to rely more and more on Iraqi oil for their own domestic consumption. Strongly swayed by their rivalry with China among the Arab radicals, they have also felt compelled to support South Yemen and the Dhofar insurgents. Most important, says Head, the Russians have been working to prevent the US from gaining a monopoly of influence in Iran that would upset the balance of power along Russia's southern border. They have therefore gone out of their way to avoid antagonizing the Shah. They have carefully refrained from criticizing his phenomenal arms build-up and generally urged restraint on their clients.

The contention that the Russians are becoming a menace in the Indian Ocean, put forth by Pentagon spokesmen to justify a bigger US investment there, is similarly exaggerated. The Defense Department claims that, on the basis of "ship-days," Soviet vessels spend more than twice as much time in the Indian Ocean than the US Navy. But retired Rear Adm. Gene LaRocque argues that such calculations equate minesweepers with aircraft carriers and thereby ignore the fact that the US, which has sent three major task forces into the area within the past six months, is superior in firepower to the Soviet fleet. LaRocque also ridicules the idea that a US naval presence guarantees the flow of Middle East petroleum, since, he says, the Russians must know that an attempt to block oil shipments on the high seas would constitute an act of war that would trigger American reactions elsewhere in the world. Jacob Beam, the former US ambassador to Moscow, has also voiced doubts about the likelihood of Russian adventurism in the Indian Ocean. Their involvement in the Mediterranean is already "quite enough of a strain," he said not long ago, adding that Soviet leader Brezhnev is sufficiently occupied "without trying to build up Russian power as far away as that." Pentagon designs for a more imposing presence in the Indian Ocean are opposed also by almost all the countries in the region. They fear, as do many US critics of the Diego Garcia project, that an American naval station in the ocean will prompt the Russians to seek bases they do not now have.

Should the US provide the Persian Gulf states with weapons in order to assure the flow of petroleum? Arms sales to the Shah have not discouraged him from doubling the price of his oil. On the contrary he's boosting his oil prices so that he can amass the money to buy bigger and better planes, missiles and tanks.

Likewise, arms for the Saudis are no assurance they will not reimpose the oil embargo. As far back as last August, two months before the Yom Kippur war erupted and the oil embargo began, Joseph Sisco, then assistant secretary of State for Near East affairs, emphasized that the administration's decision to sell military equipment to its protégés in the area were "not knee-jerk reactions to the so-called energy crisis or to minor border incidents," but rather "support for indigenous regional collective security efforts." Sisco, testifying at the time before Rep. Hamilton's subcommittee, became vague when congressmen asked him against whom the "collective security efforts" were directed. Another administration witness, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense James Noyes, was more forthright. Listing US interests in the Persian Gulf, he said that "first we wish to contain Soviet military power within its present borders." Back to the policy of the past two decades—containment.

The Persian Gulf is plagued by unresolved territorial claims that periodically ignite local clashes, and the US, already involved indirectly in the Dhofar rebellion, could be entangled in critical conflicts. These tensions are exacerbated by the rivalry between India and Pakistan, which is spilling over into attempts by those irreconcilable enemies to provoke separatist movements within the region. The Iranian government, which the Shah runs firmly, is basically a one-bullet regime whose rule is often challenged by native revolutionaries. The US, which bulwarked the Shah's authority after the Central Intelligence Agency deposed Premier Mohammed Mossadegh in 1953, maintains more than 1000 military advisers in Iran, many assigned to domestic security jobs. The role they would play in the event of civil strife has never been clarified, nor has what the US would do should the more solid Saudi Arabian oligarchy be threatened by Arab radicals.

Dale Tahtinen, an analyst with the American Enterprise Institute, said recently that "the possession of highly sophisticated weapons by potential belligerents

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in explosive situations enhances the possibility that disagreements will be settled by fighting." Tahtinen further stressed that the dependence of the Persian Gulf states on the superpowers for military hardware has increased the chances of confrontation between the US and the USSR. The region is a time bomb that must be defused by reducing arms sales and initiating diplomatic efforts aimed at lessening local quarrels.

Stanley Karnow

Pride, Avarice and Nixonomics

Going Broke?

by Melville J. Ulmer

Among the many ways in which nonhominids differ from man is that they are less proud and introspective, and therefore learn simpler things more quickly. Use punishment and reward on a collie firmly enough, and he will probably stop wetting the floor, will come when called, warn of intruders, and in general be a loving companion. Humans, particularly those who rise to positions of eminence, are not that amenable. No such swift progress in conditioned learning was evident in President Johnson or Dean Rusk when month after month, year after year, our intervention in Vietnam met with deepening resistance instead of quick victory. Pride, the need for personal vindication, was mirrored in purblind tenacity. No such alertness to the lessons of experience is apparent in President Nixon either. His inflexible commitments to the wrong decisions on Watergate are already legendary. So is his immutable allegiance to "Keynesian" tools of economic stablization, despite repeated failures.

President Nixon's loyalty to policies whose only merit is that they are *his*, is shared by many others, in the present instance by orthodox economists both within and without the administration. Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns has for months been fighting inflation with tight money and vaulting interest rates, and with exactly the same results they have had in the past. Inflation has grown worse. A modest recovery in residential building activity has been aborted. If he tightens monetary screws a bit more, we can look forward to a repeat of the 1970-71 recession.

But Arthur Burns is not so very different from the orthodox economists, labeled Democratic, who have testified before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress against him in recent weeks. Their devotion to the grand Keynesian economic strategy is just as ardent as Burns', but they differ on tactics. *Their* favorite policy, to which they have been officially committed ever since 1961, is changes in taxes, which they now think ought to be scaled down (a sentiment since echoed by Sens. Kennedy, Mondale, Humphrey and Mansfield). Yet it was the intermittent use of such "fiscal" measures that caused the roller coaster pattern of unemployment and inflation prevailing throughout the post-World War II period, and that created the escalating price level that President Nixon inherited in 1969; it was likewise this tax-cut policy that the President adopted as his own to boost production and employment in time for the November 1972 election, which it did. But it also brought the inflation of 1973, long before the Arabian gambit on oil.

The present situation finds prices rising at an annual rate of from 10 to 16 percent, depending on which index you use. At the same time the nation's output is dropping, with the real GNP slipping at a six percent rate during the first quarter and the industrial production index showing a further decline in April. Unemployment remains above five percent and seems to be headed upward, as even presidential economic adviser Herbert Stein concedes. In this setting the standard Keynesian fiscal and monetary tools can either: 1) Turn the recession into a depression-like rout by further dampening purchasing power, thereby retarding the price rise. This is the path now pursued by Arthur Burns.

2) Send the cantering inflation into an all-out gallop by expanding purchasing power, thereby moderating unemployment. This is the tactic sponsored by orthodox economists and some Senate Democratic leaders.

Is there no way out of this Hobson's choice, no alternative that is more constructive? There is, but it requires a more vigorous use of nonmarket mechanisms, more extensive government intervention than the present Adam Smithian administration accepts. It is also more than many orthodox Democratic economists

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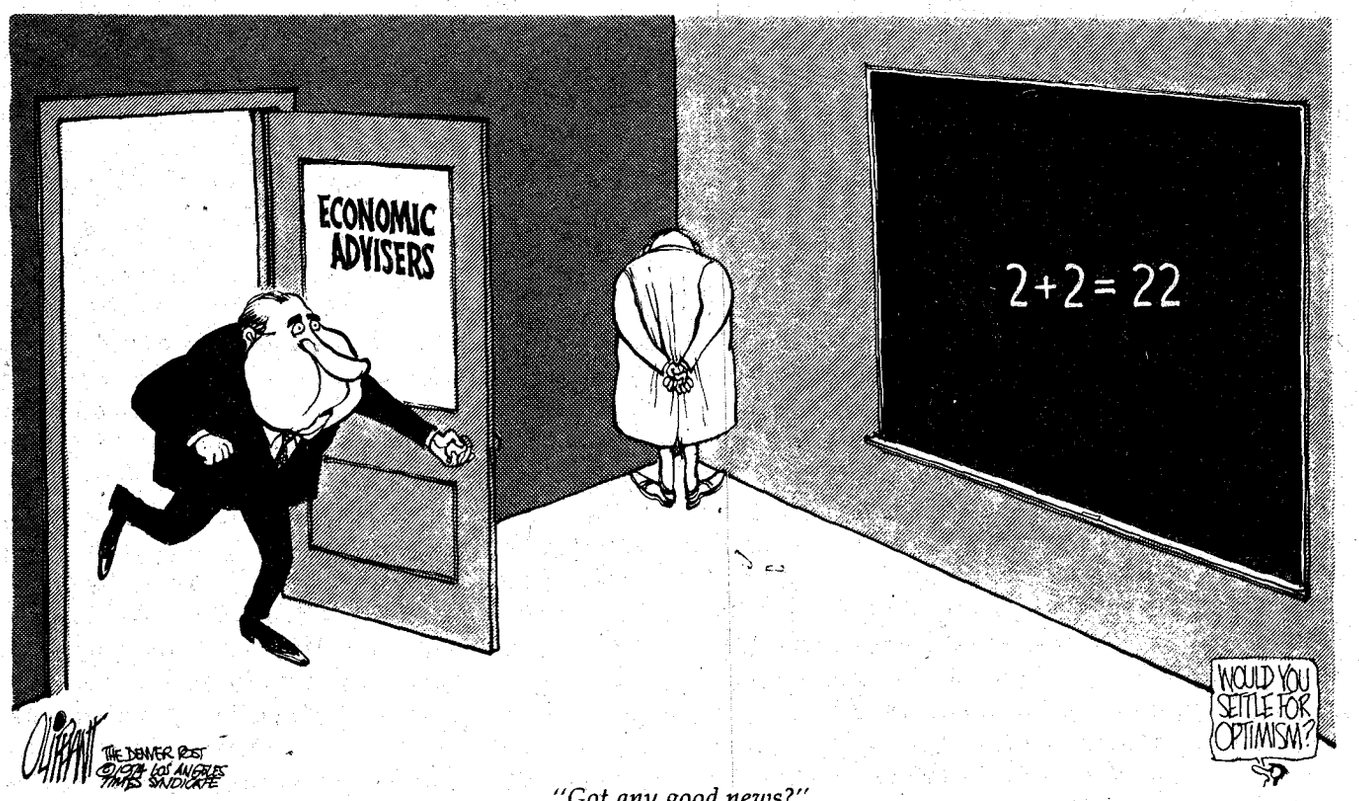
would approve, for unlike the collie they will do their own thing—wrong though it may be—again and again. In any event the prospect for creative experiment in the present administration is hopeless.

So what to do? Most important at present, I think, is what *not* to do. First of all the Federal Reserve should not persist with its fatal tight money policy, for that is a dangerous business. Instead the money supply should be expanded moderately to accommodate housing activity and other branches of industry. Secondly the level of taxes—issues of reform aside—should be left unchanged, for tinkering with this fiscal lever can do considerable harm and no good at this stage. Given these decisions, there are several propitious factors at present that I believe will carry the economy forward.

One key element in the current situation is the likely secondary effects of the energy crisis, which some have supposed might induce a worldwide depression. Actually there is not the slightest hint of that dire result. The decline in output in the United States thus far has been confined to housing (reflecting Dr. Burns' activity) and energy-related industries such as autos. The investment plans of business corporations, according to a Commerce Department survey, remain undeterred by higher energy costs and are established at levels well above last year's. Consumers have upped their spending in response to higher prices and seem relatively free of forebodings or depressing uncertainties. Even sales of big-car gas-guzzlers have revived. State and local governments have maintained the upward trend of their outlays, despite some tendency to skimp on education. Great Britain aside, economic activity is distinctly brisk throughout Europe. In short no depression epidemic is in sight.

Of course prices are advancing even faster in Europe and nearly everywhere else than they are in the United States, but under present circumstances inflation has a corrective effect. The huge price boost extorted by the Arabs for their crude oil is partly offset by inflation in the United States, Europe, Japan and other importing nations. Remember that if all prices and all incomes were exactly doubled, and the quantity of money were doubled too, we'd all be exactly as well off as we are now, no better, no worse. Naturally, alas, the values of all things never go up so neatly together, but even so the general inflation tends to ameliorate as well as reflect the impact of the oil price rise. And the upward trend of the price level should flatten a bit as that adjustment is completed.

Another effect of the energy crisis may be more significant for American business, though less obvious. Inadvertently, like the spendthrift whose forgotten uncle leaves him a million, we may be in for boomy times, perhaps by the winter of this year. The reason lies in the huge flow of funds now accumulating in the Middle East. The great bulk of it is coming from Europe and Japan, areas almost entirely dependent on foreign oil. Since we are from 75 to 85 percent self-sufficient, our contribution to this accumulation is relatively modest. In contrast, when all the Arabian and Iranian foreign exchange is spent, as in time it will be, the relative proportions in that flow will most likely be reversed. When the sheiks, sultans and other moguls seek machinery and other capital goods, real estate and other investments, consumer goods, stocks,



"Got any good news?"

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bonds and mortgages, they will favor the United States in the future as much as they have in the past, leaving room no doubt for substantial military orders for France and the Soviet Union.

Our bankers, industrial consultants, financial advisers and salesmen are already "bumping into one another" in Beirut and Tehran eagerly offering their assistance, according to *Business Week*. Some preliminary transactions—huge stock sales, real estate deals in Oklahoma and Texas—have already been reported. Note that by the end of this year, financial experts say, a surplus of from $40 to $50 billion will have accrued to the oil exporting states. The prospect, therefore, is for a stimulus to the American economy of unprecedented magnitude. A tax reduction at the present time, yielding its peak effects from six to nine months from now, would serve "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily/ to throw a perfume on the violet/ to smooth the ice, or add another hue/ unto the rainbow, or with taper light/ to seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish"—or simply to intensify inflation.

Burns willing, I look forward then to boomy times ahead, like 1968 when the Vietnam war was at its peak, or more so. Inflation will be kept very much alive, profits will surpass last year's lush returns, the annual salaries of GM's top executives will rise above a million, the great corporations will bid wildly for promising engineers, the average wages of big-time basketball players will top $100,000, the Dow Jones industrial average will be zooming back to well over 1000. At the other end, pensioners, welfare recipients and others on fixed incomes will be losing out in purchasing power. The unemployed, composed of the unskilled, semi-skilled, technologically displaced and other losers, will be just about as numerous as they are now. And the fundamental problems of material shortages, environmental destruction, suburban sprawl, air and noise pollution, highway uglification, and auto congestion will be submerged in the euphoria. Also forgotten, temporarily, will be the Third World, with its population mushrooming faster than the earth's food supply can possibly be expanded, with hunger and disease spreading, eyeing balefully the techniques of violence and economic aggression used by the Arabs.

Cancer in a Spray Can

by Barbara Newman

In late January, the B.F. Goodrich Company informed the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) that four of its employees engaged in the manufacture of polyvinyl chloride (PVC), one of the most common plastics, had died within the last six years of an extremely rare liver cancer, angiosarcoma. The workers had average exposures of 19 years to vinyl chloride, the gas that is used to produce the powdery chemical, PVC, which is the basis of the plastic industry. Then three more cases were found at Goodrich. While angiosarcoma is so rare that a check of death certificates at the American Cancer Society revealed that only one of 78,000 deaths result from it, estimates are that one out of 20 deaths among vinyl chloride workers will be caused by this rare liver cancer.

On the heels of the Goodrich news, several other companies searched their death records, and after a superficial investigation found 13 angiosarcoma cases, including fatalities at a Goodyear Tire and Rubber facility in Niagara Falls, at Union Carbide in South Charleston, West Virginia and Firestone Tire and Rubber in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. The figures are misleading because industry does not routinely study employees' deaths to determine if contact with industrial chemicals may have been involved. Moreover, diseases like angiosarcoma are so rare that they are often misdiagnosed. As Dr. John Creech, the physician at B.F. Goodrich in Louisville, says, "Most doctors . . . attribute the cause of death as something else." Dr. Marcus Key, the director of NIOSH, admits that without Dr. Creech's voluntary disclosure, "it is entirely possible that the significance of the tumors would not have been realized for several years."

Because 10,000 new and untested chemicals are each year put on the workplace, additional occupational

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cancers may yet be identified. Every year in the United States, there are more than 665,000 new cases of cancer and about 385,000 cancer deaths. The World Health Organization in 1964 estimated that 75 percent or 85 percent of all human cancers result from environmental causes. More recently, the director of the National Institutes of Health stated that there is no doubt that industrial and agricultural technologies are the major contributors to most known environmental carcinogens. The direct and indirect cost of cancer, including loss of earnings during illness and during the balance of normal life expectancy, have been estimated at $15 billion for 1971, yet serious attention has not been given to identifying carcinogenic hazards in industry.

Dr. Irving Selikoff of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital has done much landmark research linking the inhalation of asbestos fibers with cancer and now says that the vinyl chloride illnesses will proliferate because the cancer victims that we are now seeing began work 20 years ago. According to Selikoff, "It takes 20 years or so for this cancer to become evident. There weren't that many people working with VC [two decades ago]. Many new workers joined the industry in the 1950s and 1960s and the cases of cancer and other disease that will be found among them will become evident in the 1980s and 1990s unless, of course, we find ways by research to prevent the cancers that are being incubated now within these people. Unfortunately such research is not being done."

A month ago Selikoff took his staff up to the Goodyear facility at Niagara Falls and set up an improvised hospital in the local union hall. Working 12-15 hours a day, 401 workers participated in perhaps the most massive medical examination in the history of occupational health. Selikoff is now studying his findings but has already concluded that there is evidence of other PVC related liver disease, lung disease, and diseases of the skin, bones, hands and feet. PVC not only affects the liver to produce cancer but injures other tissues that it might touch.

Government research of occupational health has been very limited. The total budget for the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health, the federal agency charged with research to protect worker safety, is under $30 million. The NIOSH staff has only a few epidemiologists.

For years scientists and industry have known that vinyl chloride was a potential health hazard. Despite the warnings of liver damage from exposure to VC levels as high as 500 parts per million parts of air (ppm), the US government regulated VC at precisely this unsafe limit, 10 times higher than that which many companies voluntarily set for themselves. In 1961, for example, Dow Chemical voluntarily lowered the average exposure to 50 ppm for its workers. Fifty ppm is too high because there is no certain, safe exposure level for a carcinogen. But 50 is the level at which the Labor Department's Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) set an emergency standard for vinyl chloride in early April. The OSHA action disregarded the petition of the Industrial Union Department (IUD) of the AFL-CIO and the recommendation of NIOSH that an emergency standard for VC be set at zero exposure. It also disregarded the advice of many cancer experts who in 1970 reported to the surgeon general that "no level of exposure to a chemical carcinogen should be considered toxologically insignificant for man. For carcinogenic agents a safe level for man cannot be established by application of our present knowledge."

Some of those who accept that advice view the Labor Department's action as a sellout to industry. One who holds this view is Sheldon Samuels, the head of the IUD: ". . . It's just cheaper to let workers die than to spend millions of dollars to control toxicity. The worker subsidizes the cost of production with his life." The cost to industry of complying with a zero standard would be in the millions of dollars, mostly for engineering costs, but also for new equipment such as safety suits with respirators. *Business Week* recently quoted Walter B. Connolly, Jr., labor counsel of Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, which operates two PVC plants, as saying, "Improvements in work practices will probably require a 100 percent increase in the work force." Lower productivity erodes profits.

The rationale the Labor Department uses to justify its emergency VC standard of 50 ppm is that the only conclusive experiments done correlating vinyl chloride and cancer (by Italian scientist Cesare Maltoni) showed tumors at 500 and 250 ppm but not at 50 ppm. Associate Assistant Secretary of Labor, Alexander Reis, who is in charge of standards for OSHA, says that the department could have been sued if it had promulgated a zero standard without conclusive scientific justification. But according to Vernon Rose, the director of the Office of Standards of NIOSH, bio-statistical extrapolations of Maltoni's experiments show that angiosarcoma *would* be expected to develop at an exposure level of 50 ppm. In the letter of transmittal to OSHA in which NIOSH recommended zero exposure as a VC standard, the agency noted that while Maltoni found no liver tumors at 50 ppm, "There is the possibility that tumors might have been produced if a larger number of animals had been exposed at that concentration." Late last week the Manufacturing Chemists Association (MCA), the trade group for the chemical industry, announced preliminary results of tests of animal exposures to VC. The MCA found angiosarcomas in mice exposed to 50 ppm. The Labor Department promises it will promulgate a permanent standard at zero ppm by June. Even if a permanent standard is promulgated at zero exposure, it could be as ineffective as the standards regulating 14 occupational carcinogens set earlier this year—if, that is, its standards lack any monitoring provisions or allowance for medical surveillance of the

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workers.

In addition to the 6500 workers involved in VC or PVC production, there are also thousands of workers engaged in the fabrication of products with PVC resin. One of the Rubber Workers locals is conducting tests on levels in fabricating plants and has come up with extremely high readings; levels ranging between 200 and 1000 ppm. There is no evidence yet on the extent of danger vinyl chloride poses to millions of Americans who have come to use plastic products as a way of life —from phonograph records to auto seats, cosmetics and baby bottles and pacifiers. Dr. Selikoff believes consumers may be endangered as well as VC workers. Vinyl chloride has for years been used as a propellant in aerosol consumer products—paint, hairsprays, pesticides. Ralph Nader's Health Research Group has petitioned the Environmental Protection Agency, the Food and Drug Administration and the Consumer Product Safety Commission to ban the use of all vinyl chloride in aerosol products. To date, the petitions have been met with no action.

The Food and Drug Administration says it needs new authority to require manufacturers to list ingredients. FDA does not normally do any product testing. It has to depend on industry data and honesty. Honesty isn't always corporate policy: in response to the Health Research Group petition, the FDA stated that it informally polled cosmetic manufacturers to learn how much vinyl chloride was used in hairspray and the answer was none. The cosmetic company Clairol admitted that it manufactured "Miss Clairol" and "Summer Blonde" for four years with a propellant that was 25 percent vinyl chloride, but the company said it stopped the manufacture in mid-1973 and "reformulated" the products. (According to Clairol, after one minute of spray from these products, the air level in the breathing zone of the user could reach 200 ppm.) But in a letter to the Health Research Group in late March, Clairol said it did not "consider there to be grounds for recalling the small amount of product that is now in the field."

Then two weeks ago the FDA telegrammed Clairol asking for voluntary recall of these sprays from retail shelves, and Clairol readily agreed. All the cans of these products on store shelves contained vinyl chloride in the propellant because Clairol had not had a production run since last summer. While the company said it had reformulated the product since then and left the clear impression that only a small number of the cans left on retail shelves contained VC, the FDA was at first taken in. Furthermore, while Clairol originally maintained that only these two products still contained VC, the FDA announced that VC was also used in four additional Clairol products, all professional hair products.

The FDA also announced that another company producing aerosol hairspray, Bonat, was also voluntarily withdrawing 13 products containing vinyl chloride from retail stores. That agency said that on information received from "industry" sources, an aerosol drug may contain vinyl chloride, but the FDA refused to release any information until the manufacturer "informs the FDA that this is so." It did turn out to be so and the FDA announced that Quick Aide medicated room vaporizer was being recalled. All of a sudden the FDA "discovered" 30 other aerosol products manufactured by Shield Chemical Company, including deodorants and first aid sprays that contain vinyl chloride. Now the FDA says all the products it regulates that contain vinyl chloride are being recalled.

The FDA has throughout assured the public that only a few products contain VC and at levels that are harmless. Dr. Joseph Wagoner, head of field studies for NIOSH, says that he doesn't buy the FDA statement that levels in hairspray at this time are free of any potential of inducing cancer. Wagoner will shortly announce a sizable research contract to investigate the possible carcinogenic effect on cosmetologists from products they have been using that contain vinyl chloride.

The action of the EPA, which regulates aerosol pesticides, has been even more dismal. Three weeks ago, the EPA finally responded to the Health Research Group petition, but in an unsatisfactory manner. Instead of recalling the 41 pesticides produced by 23 companies that contain vinyl chloride, the EPA merely asked the manufacturers' permission to release the brand names. Among the 41 products using vinyl chloride that are currently registered are sprays for restaurants, for dogs and cats, and for the household. (Five more were produced until recently, but the manufacturers voluntarily stopped using vinyl chloride.) Glenn E. Schweitzer, the director of the EPA's office of toxic substances and chairman of its study group on vinyl chloride, said that there currently is not sufficient evidence to warrant recalling these products. Yet Schweitzer said that one EPA study of vinyl chloride exposure resulting from the use of a household disinfectant spray indicated that if sprayed for 30 seconds in a typical bathroom, levels of vinyl chloride in the air would reach 400 ppm. Schweitzer insists that the usual exposure of humans to pesticides is too small to constitute an imminent health hazard.

On April 17 the EPA released a list of brand names of 20 aerosol pesticides that manufacturers or distributors had agreed to reveal. Despite this "sweeping regulatory action" the agency still refuses to force a recall. Manufacturers and distributors of 21 other products had various reasons for refusing to divulge brand names—including protection of "trade secrets." The EPA accepts such excuses because it says the agency currently finds no evidence of an imminent health hazard.

So consumers continue to use aerosol products containing this cancer-causing agent.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

The Dance of Death

(Vivian Beaumont)

The Last Days of Mankind by Karl Kraus

(Ungar; $8.50)

In A. J. Antoon's production of Strindberg's *The Dance of Death*, Robert Shaw as the captain begins the play by repeating the opening line. This clues us at once to a highly "personal" production, something we've suspected even before the start because Santo Loquasto's curlicue setting has more the atmosphere of Tennessee Williams than of Strindberg's quarantine station. Antoon is a director of unmistakable gifts, but he apparently took his tone from Elizabeth Sprigge, whose translation he adapted; in the introduction to the published version, Sprigge asks: "Would not a Ionesco touch aid the production?" Answer: no. Physical absurdities are part of Ionesco's seriousness, not of Strindberg's. The captain's sudden attacks of paralysis are grotesquely comic only if they are credible as illness. Antoon has the captain get an attack with his arm upraised, and he freezes like that until it passes; that is Keystone Kops, not macabre comedy. When Kurt, the long-absent friend, loses control of himself with Alice, the captain's wife, Antoon has Kurt throw her on a sofa, pull up her skirt, and bite her on the thigh. Strindberg's ironic play about people who can survive only by hating one another becomes a romp with serious moments instead of a microcosm of the human comedy.

As Alice, the posings and cooings of Zoe Caldwell are tolerable only because Alice is an ex-actress continually mourning her lost career who might well pose and coo around the house. Hector Elizondo, as Kurt, is vapid. The one pleasure in the production is Robert Shaw, the captain, who, though unrefined, shows such stage presence and sheer force that I long for the day when Antoon will direct him seriously in this horrible comedy.

I first heard of Karl Kraus in 1967 when I read the chapter about him in Max Spalter's *Brecht's Tradition*. I felt less ashamed of my lateness in coming to the subject when, the next year in Walter Benjamin's *Illuminations*, I read the note by the editor (Hannah Arendt) saying that she had omitted Benjamin's essay on Kraus because he was "practically unknown in English-speaking countries." Since then, Kraus' name has kept popping up. W. H. Auden's Commonplace Book *A Certain World* is sprinkled with apothegms from Kraus. Last year *Wittgenstein's Vienna* by Allan Janik and Stephen Toulmin described the great influence that Kraus had on the intellectual development of Wittgenstein as well as on the music of Arnold Schönberg and the architecture of Adolf Loos.

Who was Kraus? His dates are 1874 to 1936. He was born of Jewish parents in Moravia but spent most of his life in Vienna, most of it as a Catholic. His chief work was as editor of a journal called *Die Fackel* (The Torch) that he founded in 1899 and edited until his death. During its first 12 years the contributors included Strindberg, Wedekind, Wilde and Trakl; from 1911 until the end Kraus wrote all of every issue himself.

In every possible rigorous and fruitful sense of the term, Kraus was a critic—of art, politics and society. He was (I take this at second-hand) strong, keen, angry. Berthold Viertel, the theater and film director, said of his own departure from Vienna, "When I fled from Karl Kraus, I was actually fleeing from the most acute mirror-image of an era and its humanity."

Kraus' principal passion, the foundation for all his other concerns including politics, was language. (In this he antedated and outscorched Orwell.) He founded a Theater of Poetry that consisted mostly of his own readings. He wrote poetry. Auden quotes Kraus' reflection on the mystery of words: "I have drawn from the well of language many a thought which I do not have and which I could not put into words."

All this is introduction to the reason for his appearance in this column. Kraus' major work outside his magazine was a drama called *The Last Days of Mankind*, which is in five acts and 259 scenes and fills 800 pages in the original German. Kraus says in his preface: "The performance of this drama, whose scope of time by earthly measure would comprise about ten evenings, is intended for a theater on Mars." Perhaps Mars because its subject is war—World War I. The drama was first published in *Die Fackel* 1918-1919, and the fact that Kraus escaped lynching is one of the few tributes to sanity that I know of during that period.

Now an abridged version of the drama is published in English by Frederick Ungar who did it, he says in a pleasant introduction, to help pay his emotional and intellectual debt to Kraus, whose readings he used to attend. The translation is by the late Alexander Gode and Sue Ellen Wright and is at least in more flexible English than that of the few scenes translated by Max Spalter in 1967. A helpful concluding essay by Franz H. Mautner fills in the general shape of the drama. This Ungar edition contains about a third of the original; between this condensation and Mautner's essay one gets a good feeling of the texture and a clear idea of the design.

The immediate reference point for readers of English is Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts*, but Hardy's Napoleonic drama, though comparable in several sorts of size, is intended as an epic of the spirit of history, an "Iliad of Europe" with attendant bands of Spirits marking the onward journey of mankind. Nothing could be further from Kraus' tone or intent; he is writing a *Menschendämmerung*—the human race sliding inexorably into the pit that it has dug for itself. He saw the First War as a steaming stew, started by Austrian stupidities, thickened by German brutalities, compounded by international greed and ego and profit-hunger and sloganeering and blindness. We watch through this work the gestation of the spirit that was coming to mate

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Badlands. Young "innocent" murderers in the '50s. Thematically hollow, excellently done.

The Conversation. Electronic bugger gets involved in the results of his work. Some vacancies but authentic and finely made.

The Exorcist. Fiendishly ugly, fiendishly clever.

The Last Detail. Jack Nicholson hot in a cool parable of the peacetime navy.

SK

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Tom Paine: Relevant Founding Father

William Cobbett, a journalist writing under the pseudonym Peter Porcupine, wrote of Tom Paine in 1797, "How Tom gets a living, or what brothel he inhabits, I know not. Nor does it signify here or elsewhere. He has done all the mischief he can do in the world, and whether his carcass is at last to be suffered to rot in the earth, or to be dried in the air, is of little consequence." When Paine died in 1809, he was denied the burial he had requested in a Quaker cemetery and was interred instead on his farm in New Rochelle, New York. A French woman, Marguerite de Bonneville, reputed by some to have been his mistress and the mother of at least one son by him, attended the funeral, and wept. Ten years later the journalist Cobbett, who had meanwhile suffered a conversion and become Paine's posthumous champion, stole his bones and shipped them back to England. He planned to exhibit the skeleton in processions of flowers, and raise money to build a hero's shrine. Pious Englishmen were, however, no more anxious to glorify the author of the so-called Bible of atheism, *The Age of Reason*, than Americans had been. Paine's bones remained unburied and his skeleton ended up, it is said, in a dentist's office. His skull is said to rest today on the bookshelf of an Anglican clergyman, who no doubt looks upon it with singular satisfaction.

Paine's image in history continues to suffer something of the same macabre fate as his bones. Biographers who have in their childhood been taught that Paine was a great blasphemer discover as adults that he is the most relevant of all the founding fathers save Jefferson, and plunge into his history with all the zeal of a converted Cobbett, only to be turned off by the alcoholism, personal shabbiness, and the exasperating difficulties of his private life. There has never been a definitive biography of Paine, and the publication of three new ones in a single year—David Hawke's *Paine* (Harper & Row; $15), Audrey Williamson's *Thomas Paine, His Life, Work, and Times* (St. Martin's; $12.50) and Samuel Edwards' *Rebel!* (Praeger; $9.95), does not even collectively fill the need. All are undocumented, and none really describes the nature of Paine's genius.

Paine was an 18th-century hippie, content to live in squalor, often inexcusably dirty, and plagued with depression. Still he wrote some of the most trenchant lines ever penned on the rights of man, pioneered audaciously in his attacks on the superstitions of Christianity, and contributed to man's vision of universal government under a league of united nations. Born the son of a humble staymaker in Thetford, England, he became the friend of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson and Lafayette, and the morale-builder of the young American republic. Later in England he published his great *Rights of Man*, translating the abstruse philosophy of John Locke into a simple and defiantly authoritative work that became almost instantly famous on both sides of the English Channel. Burned in effigy in England and denounced as a traitor to the crown, he was forced to flee to France. Though active in aiding the early reforms of the French Revolution, he opposed the killing of Louis XVI—"I will not abide among sanguinary men"—and urged instead that the king be banished to America. Despite personal danger he stayed on through the Terror, finishing his *Age of Reason* just in time to be carted off to prison, from which he barely escaped being guillotined.

Of the three new biographies David Hawke's *Paine* is in every way the best. His insistence that Paine was no wild-eyed radical is persuasive if one looks at the older Paine, the seasoned judge of revolutions, writing after his return to America in 1803, "Those who abuse liberty when they possess it would abuse power could they obtain it." Hawke is sensitive to Paine's restlessness and rootlessness, suggesting that he went from country to country seeking esteem for his best self, the gifted intellectual and writer. Thus, though he had been justly praised as the author of *Common Sense* and *The Crisis* papers during the American Revolution, he nevertheless preferred France because there the intellectual was truly a cherished citizen.

Though Hawke examined the "staggering amount of material" on Paine in the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and adds new material from French newspapers, his omission of footnotes makes it difficult to judge his volume as notably superior to the excellent *Man of Reason*, a life of Paine that Alfred O. Aldridge published with useful notes in 1959. Hawke does excel over Aldridge in describing Paine's confrontation with Edmund Burke, crystallized in Paine's pronouncement, "I am contending for the rights of the living . . . Mr. Burke is contending for the authority of the dead." While Aldridge stressed Paine's quality as a man of reason, Hawke notes sensitively that Paine "wrote in a rage, but in a rage so controlled that it lent authority to all he said." The sources of this rage, however, Hawke makes little attempt to fathom, save to speculate that he was striking back "at a homeland that had treated him ill for thirty-seven years."

Hawke undervalues Paine's intellect, saying that he had "a good but not incisive mind." Incisive is precisely the word to describe the man who wrote of poverty in his first essay, "He who was never an hungered may argue finely on the subjection of his appetite," and who asked the question for the 13 colonies, "Can an island govern a continent?" Hawke gives us in painful detail every begging effort Paine ever made to be reimbursed properly for his services to the American Revolution, without considering one of the psychological curiosities in his life, that Paine insisted on giving away the profits of whatever he wrote. The soldiers at Valley Forge benefited from the sale of *Common Sense;* publishers and radical organizations fattened from the proceeds of *The Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason*. Paine took nothing. To sell his own words for gain was to him a kind of prostitution. He wanted a pension as evidence that he had been the cherished radical laureate of the new republic, and gifts of several hundred dollars and his farm at New Rochelle were not enough to ease a burning sense of grievance.

Hawke's pervasive sense of distaste for Paine may be one reason why he fails to communicate the Englishman's early exuberance and delight in the American Revolution, and his affection for America, which in several letters he calls "the land of my love." Like all other biographers Hawke makes no serious attempt to penetrate the mysteries of Paine's personal life. Did he abuse his first wife who died in the premature birth of their child? And did his second wife, from whom he was legally separated after three years, complain openly that he was impotent? Such was inti-

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mated by biographers Francis Oldys (pen name of George Chalmers), and James Cheetham, who wrote their venomous little volumes when Paine was still alive. There are partial answers surely in the marvelously sensitive essay, "Reflections on Unhappy Marriages," and in "An Occasional Letter on the Female Sex," written at least in part by Paine, published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* just after his arrival in America, and only weeks before his prodigious talent exploded in the service of his adored new mistress, the young republic. "When women are not beloved they are nothing," he wrote, "and when they are, they are tormented. They have almost equal cause to be afraid of indifference and of love."

Later, at 52, Paine wrote revealingly to young Kitty Nicholson, a recent bride:

> *Though I appear a sort of wanderer, the married state has not a sincerer friend than I am. It is the harbour of human life . . . It is my home . . . it is a tide that flows but once . . . I have lost my tide; it passed by while every thought of my heart was on the wing for the salvation of my dear America.*

One turns from Hawke to Audrey Williamson's *Thomas Paine* to find not mild distaste but adoration. Williamson claims to have found "entirely new and important material from the Lewes period," and promises to give us "a fair psychological picture" and to "sift truth from legend." Her new material from the 18th-century records of the Lewes Town Hall is scanty and trivial; the psychological portrait is sanitized. She rejects the drunken profligate as "a myth," and calls his separation from his second wife "amicable," this despite the existence of a bitter letter from Paine's mother to the second wife commiserating with her and deploring her son's abuse. Williamson believes his second marriage was very like that of George Bernard Shaw to Charlotte Paine-Townshend, and contends that after their separation "sex indeed ceased, if it had ever begun, to be a factor in his personal life." "His Quaker background and strong moral views," she tells us, "would make this not entirely unlikely." She dismisses the later evidence for his affair with Mme. de Bonneville, who followed Paine to America without her husband, as "palpably absurd."

The eagerness with which Audrey Williamson denies Paine any sexual life after the death of his first wife contrasts amazingly with that of the biographer

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Samuel Edwards who in *Rebel!* has Paine drifting into affairs with almost every landlady he boarded with, consorting with prostitutes, and developing late in life a taste for very young girls, two or three at a time. Paine had a singular attachment to the truth, and any biographer writing today owes him the courtesy of telling at least the sources of such titillating items. Edwards writes with seeming authority, but without the slightest bow in the direction of reputable scholarship. Not even Cheetham and George Chalmers treated Paine so shabbily.

Since most of Paine's papers were destroyed in a warehouse fire, there may never be a convincing portrait that will bring together the revolutionary genius, the inventive craftsman and designer of bridges, and the defamer of bigotry, with the dirty and possibly dissolute man with a bottle of brandy ever on his desk. Only a man who has himself suffered severe depression could write, "There is a necromancy in wretchedness that entombs the mind, and increases the misery, by shutting out every ray of light and hope. It makes the wretched falsely believe they will be wretched forever." The definitive biography of Paine must seek out the sources of his interior misery and relate it somehow to his triumphant pronouncements on the liberation of the human mind.

Fawn M. Brodie

Notes on Contributors

Fawn M. Brodie *is the author of the recent book* Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History *(Norton).* Mark Spilka *teaches English at Brown University, edited* D. H. Lawrence: A Collection of Critical Essays *(Prentice-Hall, 1963), and is managing editor of* Novel: A Forum of Fiction. Kenneth Evett *is the chairman of the department of art at Cornell University.* Sally Reston *accompanied her husband on a recent visit to China where she studied Chinese hospitals and medicine.* Steven Kelman, *a graduate student in government at Harvard, is the author of* Behind the Berlin Wall *(Houghton Mifflin, 1972).*

COMING

Anthony Astrachan reviews
Italia, Italia
William Kennedy discusses
Mordecai Richler

Life's Work

The Priest of Love
by Harry T. Moore

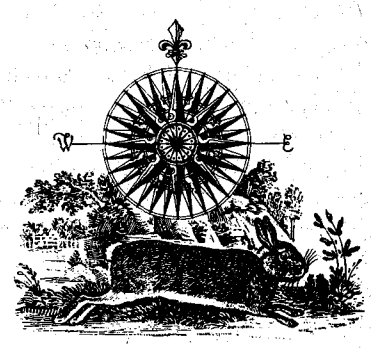
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15)

The Priest of Love is Harry Moore's latest title for the ongoing biography of D. H. Lawrence, now in its fifth incarnation, which he has been revising and amplifying over the past quarter century. Its first manifestation, *The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence* (1951), was a milestone in Lawrence scholarship—an open-minded, comprehensive treatment of the writer by an observer fortunate enough not to have known him. Lawrence's literary achievement had been all but submerged by the squabbling memorials of partisan or disaffected friends. To have known him was to have been so possessed by him, apparently, that only an impassioned reminiscence would exorcise his demon. Having no such rites to perform, Moore could afford to be more temperate: his unruffled accounts of controversial incidents, his benign critical appraisals, helped to bring "life and works" back into balance.

In his first version of the biography Moore had presented "the fullest picture yet given of Lawrence's youth," but had then subordinated the life to "the fullest survey yet made of Lawrence's writings." In his next version, *The Intelligent Heart* (1954), the critical survey was discarded in favor of growing wealth of biographical material. Moore had discovered a famous hymn-writing maternal great-grandfather on Lawrence's family tree; a paternal grandfather who prospered as a colliery tailor and married a lace manufacturer's daughter; and an intrafamily marriage between Lawrence's parents which indicates their surprising closeness on the social scale. He had also found new material on English village culture and on Lawrence's schooling and teaching years which tends to support the British critic, F. R. Leavis, in his contention that Lawrence had not been crippled by his early environment, as T. S. Eliot had charged, but had been "brought up in a living and central tradition" of village and family culture which could only be called "finely civilized."

This transformation of Lawrence's supposedly deprived youth into a meaningful acculturation process was part of

"One of those great ones that every once in a long while lets us know that the universe has something really mysteriously great 'going' for humanity."
—R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER



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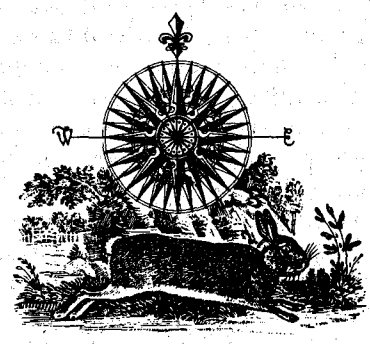

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the "normalization" of his life which the 1954 biography accomplished. Moving on, for instance, to Lawrence's travels, Moore had traced him across the world, talked to people he knew, checked dates and places against a growing cache of unpublished letters, and had then compiled a complete and accurate record of his wanderings (published separately as *Poste Restante: A Lawrence Travel Calendar* in 1956). Invariably this unfolding daily record brought into quotidian perspective the more melodramatic episodes from the memoirs and tempered their surcharged effects. Similarly, by adroit use of the letters, Moore was able to let Lawrence speak for himself on such occasions and, more often than not, the sanity, charm and intelligence of his epistolary comments lifted him above memorial turmoil. These check-and-balance proceedings had the further effect, over three volumes, of replacing the fixed victim of the single memorial with a growing, changing, many-sided person. Thus, through Moore's exemplary influence, the scandalous, half-mad "genius but" of previous decades was giving way in the biographies to a new conception of the writer.

A similar change was occurring in critical thinking. In 1948 Leavis had placed Lawrence at the modern end of his "great tradition" of English novelists, and had even defined the writers in that meager line (Austen, Eliot, James, Conrad) by such Lawrencean phrases as "a vital capacity for experience, a kind of reverent openness before life, and a marked moral intensity." Then, in his *Scrutiny* essays, collected in 1955 as *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist*, he had made a persuasive case for the integrative intelligence at work in two major novels, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, and in shorter tales like *St. Mawr, The Captain's Doll*, "The Daughters of the Vicar." For Leavis and his followers, and for a wide range of critics elsewhere, Lawrence would become a normative writer from the mid-1950s onward, a major artist in whose finest works "prophet" and "poet" coincide. Plainly Moore's biographical normalizings ministered to such conclusions, and to the major critical reassessment they implied, which would prevail in Lawrence circles until fairly recent years.

In 1962 Moore revised both versions of the biography for paperback editions. His justification was the discovery of new biographical material, the appearance of "a great deal of new Lawrence criticism," and the need for "correction, clarification, and improvement" which his large undertaking made inevitable.

The Priest of Love is a further revision and expansion of this much amended text. It takes its justification from new biographical documents and critical assessments appearing in increasing numbers in the late 1960s and early 1970s as the Lawrence revival mounted.

"I have written what is really a new book," Moore declares. A check reveals about 10 new pages of interpolated material for every 100 pages. Moore's illusion of newness must come from his extensive cuttings, modest rearrangements, new section titles and minor improvements in phrasing. He has not written a new book, though he has certainly excised and replaced 10 percent of the old one, and has made his peace with developments of the last decade.

Unfortunately the terms of that peace may be too poorly defined to have much lasting relevance, as even his new title suggests. He had wanted to use it originally because "Lawrence called himself that." Running into "walls of opposition" in 1954, he had settled for a friend's suggestion, *The Intelligent Heart*, though it had embarrassed him as not being "truly Lawrencean" and "really a somewhat pretentious oxymoron—at least an extended metaphor." If so, perhaps it was an extension of that integrating intelligence that Leavis has found in Lawrence, to which Moore's biography has so long and so comfortably ministered. Whereas *The Priest of Love* has only just come into its own as a phrase the love generation of the later '60s might have welcomed with "truly Lawrencean" fervor, being themselves among Lawrence's more priestly anticipations. Oddly Moore almost never comments on Lawrence's impact on the generation that made his title possible, though he might have noted how the dream of Rananim prefigured those later enterprises, hippie communes; how Lawrence's defense of erotic love against war, industrial blight and Mammon prefigured the make-love-not-war and ecological doom campaigns of the '60s; how even his emphasis on touch prefigured, of all things, group sensitivity sessions.

Attempting to keep pace with new developments in Lawrence criticism, Moore includes in his friendly interpolations the bisexual speculations of Émile Delavenay and the anal preoccupations of Colin Clarke; but he does so without realizing that these new configurations conflict with the old normalizing process and are not easily subsumed by it. The demonic Lawrence who emerges in the criticism of the late '60s and early '70s is oddly similar to the scandalous Lawrence of yesteryear, being nihilistic, perverse, inclined to buggery, homosexuality, impotence and other forms of nay-saying. Now he is seen as the underground rebel of our time, the modern anti-hero whose apocalyptic vision is culturally okay. It will not do therefore to include in biographical assuasions of old charges of aberrant behavior these new claims for exemplary perversity. The old genial tolerance, the old roundup of moderate defenses, simply leave unanswered the kinds of questions these new commentators raise.

Moore devotes an interpolated paragraph to the new feminist attacks on Lawrence while analyzing *The Captain's Doll*. But the sophistication and intensity of these critiques, and their import for Lawrence's future viability, are not so easily passed off. The new Frieda Lawrence biographies help to point up the problem: they indicate that the priest of love had an unfaithful wife who resented his dominance in the American phase of their marriage, and that the priest himself was impotent while writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which Moore still calls "our epoch's most astonishing and significant romance."

Here the serious issues raised by feminists as to marital politics mix with questions raised by an autobiographical and didactic writer whose practices inevitably reflect upon his preachings. Moore never faces such questions, never attempts the complex interpretation of the Lawrences' marriage which they call for, by which, to rough out the scenario, one would have to indicate how Frieda fairly easily maintained, and Lawrence only gradually schooled himself to achieve, that independent selfhood by which their turbulent marriage survived intact his emotional doldrums and her occasional infidelities.

But this would be to posit a priest of selfhood rather than love, and a more psychologically and culturally sophisticated approach to life than anyone has yet attempted. (For a small scale exception, see Norman Mailer's surprisingly sympathetic depiction of Lawrence in *The Prisoner of Sex*, 1971, as a man "with the soul of a beautiful, imperious, and passionate woman" who strove all his life "to be a man" equal in strength to that imperious woman.)

Whether we can expect such necessary interpretative depth from the "authorized biography" that Mark Schorer is

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supposedly writing remains to be seen. Meanwhile Moore dutifully includes the troublesome material in his new biography, often without comment, always with equanimity, as if defusing its explosiveness in the old unruffled manner. His even-tempered, generously inclusive work remains unchallenged as the standard Lawrence biography, expanding periodically to ingest charged and neutral matters with equal ease, always informative, often intriguing, in many ways indispensable—yet for the first time in its long influential gestation, probably irrelevant to the future disposition of "the life and works."

Mark Spilka

Kenneth Evett on art

From Top to Bottom At the Whitney

That bountiful display, "The Flowering of American Folk Art (1776-1876)," shown at the Whitney Museum early this spring elicited both smiles of delight and pangs of nostalgia. Who could believe we were ever that inventive, talented and innocent? Yet these handsomely mounted artifacts—from bedspreads to tombstones—testify to the high quality of our forebears' creative achievement. This cultural heritage was first documented and illustrated in Holger Cahill's admirable *Index of American Design*. Now we saw a comprehensive collection of work in the genre at first hand. Displayed en masse, these utilitarian objects and household icons revealed a range of invention, a sensitivity to materials, and refinements of design and execution that came as an exhilarating surprise.

To anyone cognizant of recent developments in American art, the show had a strangely familiar air, like a time-travel rerun of the past 30 years. It turns out that the daring innovations of that recent period weren't so original after all. Minimal art? An Amish quilt-maker designed a color-field pattern of horizontal (or vertical) bars 'way back in 1870. Soft sculpture of ordinary domestic items? An anonymous Pennsylvania housewife constructed a three-dimensional table cover in wool and cotton appliqué of such subjects 80 years before Oldenburg produced his likeable three-dimensional jokes. Surrealist fantasies? Erastus Salisbury Field was batting them out in 1860. Collage? An ink, water-color and cut-paper valentine of the 1880s anticipated Rauschenberg's composites by a century. Conceptual art? It was a natural process for one mid-19th-century artist from Hancock, Massachusetts. Random improvisations controlled by a rectangular format? A chestmaker from Sturbridge, Massachusetts painted his variations on a fish-eye motif with free-wheeling abandon many years before Lee Krasner's similar creation saw the light of day. In short, most of the radical moves of recent times were prefigured by unknown artists of the 19th century. However, it is not for us to congratulate these simple folk on their prescience, though we might learn a lesson from their pure motivation and unself-conscious pleasure in the visual enrichment of daily life.

The exhibition abounded in handsome designs in a wide range of media, but the sculptural images were outstanding. Whether carving in wood, stone or whalebone, cutting and shaping metal, or modeling in clay, early American sculptors brought a no-nonsense approach to functional design, but beyond that level, their subtle response to substances and their intuitive understanding of the logical necessities of design produced works that transcend mere utility. They were particularly interested in the shapes of animals: horses, roosters, peacocks and eagles were favorite themes for weather vanes, and their functional duck decoys, simplified to a few elegant organic curves, rival the pure forms of Brancusi. Their dolls, toys and cigar-store Indians were comparably forth-

The exhibit can be seen in book form in:

The Flowering of American Folk Art (1776-1876)
edited by Jean Lipman and Alice Winchester (Viking; $19.95)

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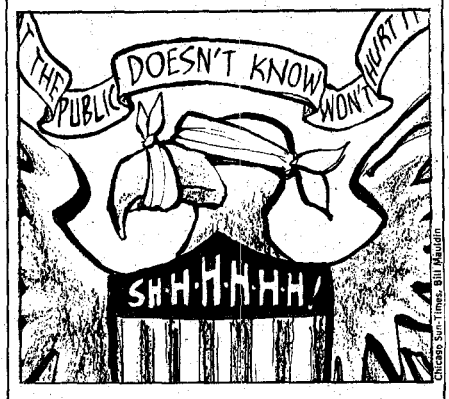

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right and simple. These untrained sculptors, more concerned with silhouettes than with the organization of volumes in depth, lavished attention on contour rhythms and handled them with workmanlike dispatch. All the sequences relate and all superfluous elements are eliminated.

The quilts, rugs, samplers and other two-dimensional artifacts on display were also conceived in linear terms. They reflect what seems to be an abiding American affection for ornamental surfaces. Within that limited framework those anonymous housewives assembled and sewed their scraps of cloth with remarkable ingenuity and sensitive control of negative and positive spaces. On the other hand, the primitive painters who attempted the responsibility of convincing definition of masses produced the least successful works in the show. Although they frequently showed a fine awareness of abstract surface relationships, the dogged inadequacy of their drawing imparts a grim, wooden quality to their pictures.

At the same time at the Whitney, the daring paintings of Alice Neel could be seen. Born in 1900 Neel has steadfastly made her own way, despite being a female figurative artist in a period when abstraction was ascendant and the interrelated power centers of museums, galleries and art magazines were controlled by men. In 1960 Neel wrote, "When I go to a show of modern work I feel that my world has been swept away." Yet she and her work have triumphantly survived. Now, at 74, she put on this vigorous display of her responses to the individually transient but generically abiding world of living beings.

Neel has undertaken the serious risks of the painting game. She has contemplated the variegated visual and psychic aspects of life and has objectified her vision by accountable definitions of forms in space, thereby placing herself in competition with the big-league painters of the Western tradition. She has engaged in the emotionally charged struggles of portrait painting. The intimacy, tensions and challenges of such an enterprise are formidable, yet Neel has managed to discover the essential abstract forms of her sitters and at the same time reveal their psychic condition. Her portraits radiate a sense of human presence. They are evocative of corporal weight, pressures and touching —of personal gestures, sounds of voices, odors and fleeting expressions. Those persons brave enough to offer themselves to her candid gaze, which is neither sentimental nor cruel, will no doubt remember, and be remembered for, posing for Alice Neel. Her drawing is occasionally slap-dash or inconclusive, and, all too often, large areas of unpainted canvas read as nonparticipating voids. But at her best, Neel is one of the few original and significant American painters of the past 30 years.

Preceded by these two potent exhibitions, the show "Frank O'Hara, a Poet among Painters" seemed trivial indeed. This consisted of nervous, dirty-looking abstract-expressionist paintings of the '50s, interspersed with pretentiously enlarged letters spelling out phrases from O'Hara's poetry. Few poets could survive such an embarrassing dislocation of scale and voice (being made to shout that way), but when these snippets are juxtaposed against the bombastic art of the '50s, the effect is anti-climactic. Most of the sacred cows of action painting are represented here, along with photographic documentation of the era (scenes of that hallowed spot, the Cedar Bar, parties at the Museum of Modern Art, weekends on Long Island), and collaborative printing projects sloppily put together by the hero-worshipping poet and his artist friends. How pompous and now deflated these efforts seem. That frenetic splattering and slashing—those doughy, impasto layers (already cracking away), that implacable surface frontality, that barren, self-centered imagery and the inevitable don't-give-a-shit random drippings are all too familiar by now. Of this group, works by Guston, Kline and DeKooning still have an authentic, though limited, aspect of authority. But many of these pictures strike me as prematurely aged trash. Eventually they will wind up in storage where they will probably self-destruct—done in by bad technique. Should the human race survive and any of these creations make it to the year 2073, I predict that they will be viewed as merely another manifestation of the American decorative urge, maybe not as prized as Zeruah Higley Guernsey Caswell's 1835 carpet, but at least regarded as an unusual contribution to two-dimensional design.

On the whole I am grateful to the Whitney for putting together this contrasting layer-cake of native work. For those half-grey days in early spring, the Museum provided a cheering and enlightening display of what American artists can and can't do.

Red Medicine

Serve the People
by Ruth & Victor W. Sidel

(Josiah Macy, Jr. Foundation; $10)

How did the Chinese do it? How, in 25 years, did they eradicate drug addiction, venereal disease, sand fly fever, typhoid, cholera, alcoholism? One out of every four persons walking the earth today is Chinese, and yet birth rates in their teeming cities are down sharply. According to official statistics (1971) Shanghai's Bureau of Public Health shows 6.1 births per 1000 population compared with New York City's 17.1 per 100 whites and 24.7 for nonwhites. In 1949 hospital beds in China were estimated at 90,000; in the years 1957 to 1965 alone 860 new hospitals were built averaging 350 beds each—equivalent to one hospital built every three and a half days. The sanitary appearance of their cities is surprising—a fly is hard to find in China today.

How the Chinese did it is best explained in an excellent new book, *Serve the People*, a clear, readable and comprehensive survey of Chinese medicine and health care. More importantly it challenges Americans to reassess our own medical services. Are they available to the people who need them most? How should our doctors be chosen? Should health workers be trained differently? Are American goals relevant to the needs of our population?

Serve the People takes its title from Mao's *China's Two Possible Destinies* written in 1945, a phrase still reverberating across the land. The authors, she a psychiatric social worker and he chief of social medicine at Montefiori Hospital in New York, were responsible for *Women and Child Care in China*, an interesting report published two years ago. The Sidels spent three weeks in China in 1972 and five in 1973, expenses paid by the Chinese Medical Association who provided their interpreters; they are quick to admit that conclusions from short visits, under official supervision, should be viewed with skepticism.

Despite these restraints the Sidels have put together a remarkably detailed report of the Chinese medical system. They have talked to housewives, "Red Medical Workers," in one-room stations along city lanes and to the staffs of the largest city hospitals. They have investi-

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gated scientific publications, municipal health departments, research institutes, looked into the medicine cabinet of a factory "worker doctor" and into the medicine bag of a "barefoot doctor," listing the contents of each. They discuss the loopings and turnings of Maoism before, during and after the Cultural Revolution. Chapters outline the development of health services before and after Mao, urban and rural medical care, education of the patient and community in self-reliance. Still others include acupuncture, accompanied by excellent graphs, circuit diagrams, and pictures of electric stimulators attached to the needles.

The authors are objective but not noncommittal, calling acupuncture "one of the specific techniques we might learn directly from China." They note new dental procedure that eschews needles altogether, merely using finger pressure on acupuncture points, often under both cheek bones, prior to tooth extraction.

Tradition in Chinese medical schools has been uprooted, a doctor's course of study shortened from eight to three years. "The more books you read the more stupid you become," Mao said to medical students as the Cultural Revolution began. While some may question the quality of quickly trained doctors, the quantity is greater and more widely spread among the population. "Put the stress on the rural areas," Mao urged, and of the three years of education, students spend at least one working and living with peasants far from urban areas. Similarly a large portion of city hospital staffs is sent into the countryside for a year. Less time is spent on hard-to-cure diseases and more on the prevention and improved treatment of common diseases. "We used to have a lot of doctors around here who could *talk*," a Western-trained internist at the Anti-Imperialism Hospital told us in 1972, "but they couldn't *do* anything."

The Chinese "put politics in command" of mental illness. Patients attend daily classes in Mao's philosophy, reflecting the "belief in the malleability and perfectability of man through education and re-education." Like the army structure, patients are organized into "fighting groups" to contend against their common illness; and within these groups, the less ill patients are paired with newcomers who are more severely afflicted to give each other "mutual love and mutual help." Acupuncture, some drug therapy and what the Chinese call "heart-to-heart" talks with the doctors are also used, but insulin shock and electric shock therapy are taboo.

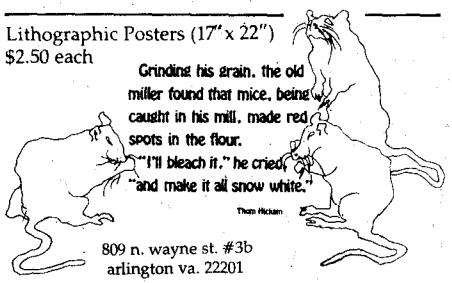
Serve the People is not a book for doctors and China-watchers only, but for all Americans who are increasingly concerned with the delivery of medical services to our own people. "To whom should our society's resources be devoted?" the Sidels ask.

> *Persisting in the midst of our affluence we see a rapidly rising rate of social illnesses such as veneral disease . . . and dysfunctional social activities such as drug abuse . . . poverty and its attendant diseases . . . inequality of distribution and inequitable barriers to the use of health services, and a rising alienation and dissatisfaction on the part of the recipients of the services. The issues of massive bureaucracy and governmental remoteness go hand-in-hand with local disorganization and duplication of facilities.*

What is to be done about it? Asserting that our doctors "for the most part are recruited from the best educated and the highest income strata of society," and "are often elitist in their attitudes," the authors remind us that the United States currently obtains one-third of its new doctors from other countries. Therefore, they conclude, choose medical students "from previously relatively untapped strata of society"; provide opportunities to "upgrade" health workers into "higher" medical occupations; emphasize the practical rather than the theoretical; and increase on-the-job training and education. They urge more stress on preventive medicine, decentralization of services to the most basic level, more involvement of the community in health work and health education.

Obviously a Chinese pattern cut to the measure of a totally different society will not fit the United States. But *Serve the People* calls for change, asks some sharp questions about American health care and deserves some searching answers.

Sally Reston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Orderly Loyalist

The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson by Bernard Bailyn

(Harvard University Press; $12.50)

Thomas Hutchinson served as royal governor of Massachusetts from 1770 to 1774, and was an object of hatred for the men who led the American independence struggle against Britain. Since he was, unlike the majority of royal governors, born and raised in America, they regarded him not only as evil but as traitorous. In 1765 a mob burned down his home after Hutchinson was accused of favoring the Stamp Act. Later he was to become stigmatized as the man who egged on the English government to hostile acts against the colonies by presenting those battling for the rights of Americans as plotters determined from the beginning to break themselves away from England, and by presenting the outcome of appeasement as mob rule.

Benjamin Franklin, in the early 1770s a lobbyist for colonial interests in London, and a moderate who sought to prevent further deterioration of American-English relations, tried to place the blame for the problems between the two countries on Hutchinson, whom he alleged gave inaccurate reports to London on the situation in Massachusetts, and thus called forth the harsh acts of the mother country. The scapegoat duly punished, Franklin thought, things could be put back on course. But the English rushed to Hutchinson's defense, and the government dismissed Franklin from his post as deputy postmaster general for the colonies.

Depressed by the turn of events in Massachusetts, Hutchinson finally succeeded in being relieved from his post in 1774, shortly after the Boston Tea Party, and went into exile in England. He dreamed of influencing British policy toward the colonies from close at hand, and of someday returning to his country home in Milton, Massachusetts. But his chances to influence policy disappeared as, first, thousands of other exiles joined him in London, depriving Hutchinson of his uniqueness, and, then, as relations with America became a military rather than a political question. Meanwhile Hutchinson, an American Puritan whose career as a merchant appears a case study of the frugal Protestant ethic, grew increasingly unhappy with the dissoluteness of London. His daughter Peggy died in 1777 (her mother had died giving birth to her, 23 years earlier), and he himself, exiled and defeated, died in 1780. Hutchinson's Milton home, for which he longed continuously during his last years, was sold to James Otis Warren, a revolutionary who had despised him.

It is inevitable that one picks up this new biography of Thomas Hutchinson thinking as much of the present as the past. As we approach the bicentennial of independence, with official celebration committees and protesters ready to remind us that John Hancock was a revolutionary rather than a life insurance salesman, the questions of illegitimate authority and what to do about it are again the stuff of current events. Bernard Bailyn, professor of history at Harvard and author of several well regarded books on the background of the American Revolution, does not completely skirt the fascinating questions of comparison that can be raised by the life of Thomas Hutchinson. But he does write that his book is "not written as a tract for the times, nor is its purpose to illustrate general ideas about law and order and the causes or consequences of civil disobedience and insurrection." Reflection is left mostly to the reader: leaving a great deal unsaid, Bailyn makes this a book that encourages the reader to talk back.

The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson is based mostly on Hutchinson's own papers (which no doubt introduces an inevitable bias) and the author, while aware of the limitations of Hutchinson's political thought, is unsympathetic to most of the imputations of malice his contemporaries made against him. Hutchinson, Bailyn writes, believed simply that an independent America in the world of the great powers was an impossibility, that an America free of England would become prey to another, less liberal, power. As for the colonists' demand for representation, it was simply a technical impossibility for America to send delegates to a Parliament thousands of miles away, and the right to elect such representatives was unfortunately one that people gave up when they decided to settle in the New World. As long as England was sovereign over America, Hutchinson further believed, Parliament could not give up its right to tax the colonies, but Hutchinson hoped that Parliament, the theoretical right acknowledged, would not make practical use of it, but allow colonial legislatures to determine taxes. Hutchinson's perspective, for Bailyn, was unimaginative; it was not venal.

Bailyn's approach—history written from the viewpoint of the losers—challenges us to imagine ourselves in Hutchinson's position, and to ask ourselves how we would have acted in the America of the 1770s. In the high school historiography of the American Revolution—and how many of us have been exposed to much more than that?—the struggle becomes noncontroversial, the enormity of the step of armed rebellion trivialized. In looking at ourselves and at the colonists, there are two questions which, I think, must be asked—the different meanings of the term "revolution," then and now, and the puzzle of the motives for revolutionary and nonrevolutionary action.

Political theorists, like Hobbes and Locke, were aware of the tenuous bonds that held society together. For them the state of nature—not very pleasant, where people pillaged and killed one another—was a genuinely possible alternative to what they called the state of government. This is related to the economic conditions of the time. In these poor, preindustrial societies, a small group of wealthy, "respectable" people lived amidst a large mass of people below, most of whom were without property and many lived on the very physical margin of existence. Given the level of economic development at the time, the distribution of existing property and wealth to the masses of people below would not have eradicated their poverty. Nevertheless it is hardly surprising that the thin layer of "respectables" at the top feared that, at any moment, the destitute below might cease accepting the restraints placed upon them by the social contract, might cease respecting the lives and property of others—might, in the terms they used, revert from a "state of government" (marked by laws protecting life and property) to a "state of nature." In reading *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson* one is impressed by how this fear obsessed Hutchinson. He was uncomprehending over the fact that colonists out of the ranks of the "respectables" were willing, in order to further their own anti-English political cause, to stir up the dangerous lower classes when the result might be the dissolution of society.

Our modern view of the results of revolution is quite different, of course. For us the danger of revolution is less

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the dissolution of the ties of government than their tightening into the noose of revolutionary dictatorship. And, with the change of economic circumstances brought about by the industrial revolution, the dilemma of the potential revolutionary activist is not so much whether to unleash the popular furies below, but whether revolutionary action is justified in the face of hostility from society's majority.

There is also the question of what motivates individuals to revolutionary activism. One can be motivated by belief in a certain, fixed set of ideals, and choose the tactics most appropriate under the circumstances. Thus we can say (oversimplifying) that the American revolutionaries were motivated by ideas about the rights of man that, since Parliament was closed to them and they therefore could not achieve through parliamentary means, they were forced to seek through violence. In this light, Thomas Hutchinson becomes unambiguously the defender of a set of undemocratic ideals, and hence deplorable. By this reasoning, the revolutionary in a democratic society is out of place, because parliamentary means for change are available.

But an alternate approach sees people motivated to revolutionary activism less by specific ideals and the circumstances of the times than by a certain personality orientation. In this view the revolutionary seeks disorder and excitement as themselves good, the antirevolutionary seeks serenity and order.

The motives for revolutionary activism no doubt differ from case to case. We can surely think of some people for whom the choice of political tactics is primarily a response to necessity—one thinks of respectable middle-class Frenchmen going underground and joining the Resistance, or of trade union organizers who lead bitter strikes and then sit down to negotiate with the boss once he recognizes the union. But there are others—Thomas Hutchinson may be one—whose choice of antirevolutionary stances might have depended as much on temperament as on an objective weighing of the exigencies. It is because of this temperamental component of the decision to act as revolutionary or nonrevolutionary that anyone who considers himself a nonrevolutionary today cannot avoid the question of whether, had he been alive in America of the 1770s, he too might not have acted like Thomas Hutchinson.

Steven Kelman

Fine Print

NBA—25 years later

Doris Grumbach

The beginning: The man in the seat next to me on the early-morning Metroliner to New York was deep in *The New York Times* sports page. Extracting himself finally, reluctantly, from the fate of the Knicks, he asked politely if I were going to New York "to shop." No, I said, I was going to NBA. "Lucky," he sighed, "very lucky to have tickets for the playoffs." He himself would give anything to see the Knicks play. That was the last word he addressed to me, because I explained that I was going, not to the National Basketball Association playoffs but to the National Book Awards affairs. His interest in me died.

My interest in NBA went on for the whole week. It is true that, as everyone who has attended the publisher-critic-editor-author annual affair (this was the 25th) will tell you, it is an exhausting, crowded, unremitting, sometimes overblown and hysterical time, complete with the kind of self-puffery that every industry (and art and craft) indulges in. Disheartening at times, at others expensive, it is full of people pushing books to come (and why not? it's their livelihood), and people, occasionally, pushing themselves. Despite all this, it is still a good thing.

Books and their authors are the subject and the object of all the lunches and cocktails and dinners and in-between drinks, meetings, breakfasts and gatherings for awards, and there are all too few such public occasions anymore where this is true. When a streaker, hollow-chested, lanky, his long hair flying behind him, raced through decorous Alice Tully Hall where we had gathered to award some of the winners their $1000, he was distinguished from his genre by one thing alone: he shouted a slogan acceptable to everyone there: "Read books!"

Further, the days spent at NBA have value to those not part of the everyday ferment of the New York publishing world. We talk to our peers in the provincial withering arbors. We hear (to our relief) that the problems of space for reviewing books, and paper on which to print reviews, and floods of books that wash in upon us despite our facilities to deal with them, are

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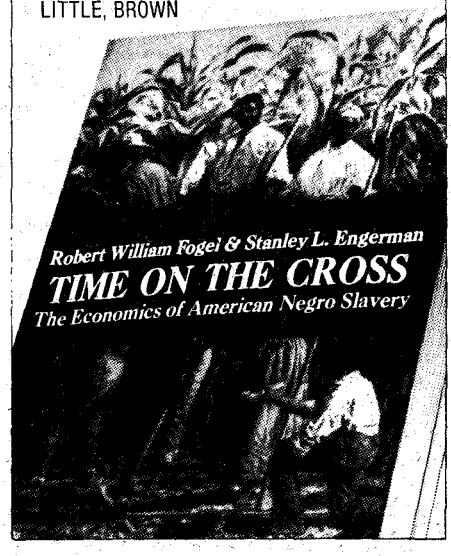

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universal. Some of us find solace in the company of those whose management believes that no one (except book-page editors and reviewers) reads books or reviews, gives a damn about the literary scene. And others listen to these tales, and count themselves grateful for managerial support. Newspaper book-editors console each other with their superiors' (and their readers') preference for sports, comics, fashions, stock-market reports and the day's astrology charts. Magazine book-editors talk to each other sympathetically about the encroachment on the "back" (inevitably) space in "the book" of news of national politics and international affairs. All, in one great chorus, reproach the publicity people (who are everywhere at these events, wining, dining and whispering of great-things-to-come) with the absence of advertising support from publishing houses for their efforts.

Pre-publicity by the NBA special 25th anniversary committee had circulated and published the names of nominees in 10 categories—fiction, biography, arts and letters, poetry, history, philosophy and religion, the sciences, translation, children's books, contemporary affairs, as well as the names of the judges. In addition the press received tickets (by "special invitation," they read, and went on to add: $35 per person) for the major affair at the New York Public Library to honor Vladimir Nabokov with the National Award for Literature. I pocketed my ticket, thinking I would proceed a bit cautiously into *that* one, and discovered on arrival in New York that Nabokov would not be there himself but would send his son Dmitri to accept for him. This he did, I've been told, in a one-minute greeting, which informed the well-dressed crowd eating filet mignon, or roast beef (my informants could not agree on just what it was they ate for their $35) that Nabokov was, probably, at that moment working on his new book with a "stubby and stubborn pencil."

So I held on to my money, making an early courtesy call on the New York Public Library before the Big Dinner to see a fine exhibit of Byron memorabilia—**Byron on the Continent and Lord Byron's Women**—letters, mss., first editions from the Carl H. Pforzheimer Library and a few items from the library's Berg Collection. I spent a few quiet hours visiting Jesuit friends at *America* house, where I prayed with them for Michele Murray, sadly absent colleague from *The National Observer*, with whom I had planned to attend NBA, and then saw an interesting and honest play with faults that *TNR*'s Stanley Kauffmann made me aware of—*Find Your Way Home* by John Hopkins. This quiet, then solitary evening was one oasis in the crowded week. The other was a visit, with former book editor of *Look* William Kennedy, who had just delivered his new novel to his agent, to the Metropolitan Museum's awesome display of French and Belgian 14th-16th century tapestries, seven halls of those glories. Despite the hordes that shared the narrow corridors with us, the magnificence of those walls, the enormity and brilliance of the depictions of the Trojan war, the events of the New Testament, and the fall of Jerusalem, as well as the fanciful six-tapestried narration of the life and death of the Unicorn, made me feel somehow alone. So much beauty, it would seem, pushes one in upon oneself, even in a crush, perhaps more so in a crush.

Midweek was spent at three meetings. First: on the crisis brought on by the June 21, 1973 Supreme Court decision that laid down the "local standards" guidelines for determining "obscene" material. A panel of concerned professionals from the industry discussed the effect of this decision on the sale of books, or state and local legislation, or authors' worries about "the freedom to write." The Association of American Publishers has formed an ad hoc educational, fund-raising group, the Defend Your Freedom to Read Committee. They distributed some local results of the decision, books that have been banned by local decisions, among them: *Grapes of Wrath* (called "filthy and dirty" in Richlands, Va.); *Catcher in the Rye* (that perennial offender of many persons over 12) in Richmond, Va.; *Black Boy* and *Soul on Ice* ("questionable moral content") in Ferndale, Mich. and Baltimore, Md.; *Slaughterhouse Five* ("obscene material") in McBee, SC; *Catch-22* in Cleveland, Ohio; *The Learning Tree* ("unsuitable for all students") in Essexville, Mich.; *The Naked and the Dead* ("obscene language") in Granby, Conn.; *Portnoy's Complaint* in Pittsfield, Vt.; and—brace yourself—*Spoon River Anthology*, cited for its "language" in Columbus, Ohio. Most outlandish were two: Pinella County, Florida banned Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, linked the use of profanity in books to "66 school suspensions"; and Phoenix, Oregon's prohibition of Maurice Sendak's prize-winning child's book, *In the Night Kitchen*, as "pornographic," incorporating "nudity or immorality."

Second: a gathering (jammed with women from all areas of publishing) on the question of feminist publishing, where the general lack of sympathy for such works on the part of most (not all) major trade houses was cited. Publishing committees, it was claimed, are "patriarchal," contrasted to the great hospitality to such works at Old Westbury's (NY) Feminist Press. A most able-sounding and persuasive editor, Verne Moburg, from that press described the experience of working there as noncompetitive, uniformly apostolic about the Movement, and minus the usual desire to get rich, to stab in the back, etc. One intriguing idea for a moderate path came from the panel—Knopf editor Regina Ryan, literary agent Elaine Markson and Mobert—that women concerned with publishing, their subservient positions in it, and the sexist nature of some titles—invest their money to form a *general* publishing house owned and run by women.

Third: a panel on book reviewing with editors chosen from four geographic areas of the country, although the descriptions of their jobs, their problems, their activities ("How do you choose the books you review?" was, as ever, the omnipresent question) were identical. Chairman of the meeting, Ivan Sandrof of the Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram*, clearly thought critics' problems could be solved by the formation of a national organization, a Critic's Circle, to raise the state of the profession, so to speak. He presented the gathering with a ready-made organization, complete with pre-determined dues ($10), a full slate of officers (president: Ivan Sandrof), a mailing address (Worcester, Mass.). It remains to be seen if yearly, ritual gathering, dues, officers, a newsletter (the inevitable, costly newsletter), and high-sounding resolutions can do much. One editor sitting beside me confided that he thought the way to raise the state of our profession and to garner respect for what we do, was to stay home reading, editing, searching for first-rate reviewers.

If the end of the week was intended to contain the climax of events, it was

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spoiled by the eager-beaver antics of *The New York Times*, which published the names of the winners Wednesday morning, hours after the judges came to their decisions. One out-of-town editor read the results on the train coming to New York for the Thursday announcement to the press, said he was tempted to turn around and go home. The Thursday press conference was sheepishly cancelled, the press and others told about the winners during the Wednesday morning meetings, the *Times* excoriated for what it had done as erroneous and misleading. It wasn't: the *Times* made one small error in the translation category; all the rest was accurate snoopery.

And the winners? There were so many in so many areas that the plethora of riches rather diminished the glory of the awards. Two writers—Isaac Bashevis Singer (*A Crown of Feathers;* Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and Thomas Pynchon (*Gravity's Rainbow;* Viking) shared the fiction prize—Singer for what may well have been one of the lesser in his long line of fine books (his time had come, one felt), and Pynchon for a superb, visionary book that, to my mind, should have stood alone. Neither man was present to receive his check. Two poets, Allen Ginsberg (*The Fall of America;* City Lights) and Adrienne Rich (*Diving into the Wreck;* Norton) shared that award. Adrienne Rich wanted to spread her share still further. In her acceptance speech *she* announced that she and two of her sister nominees had resolved (if one of them happened to win) that they would share the money because it had been awarded by a competitive and patriarchal society inimical to the true production of poetry by women. Ginsberg didn't come, but his speech, telegraphic and violent, was declaimed by his friend Peter Orlovsky.

There was a witty acceptance speech by Nobel prize winner S. E. Luria (who said he thought this was the better prize because of the royalties, not the royalty involved in the ceremony) for his first nontechnical effort, *Life: An Unfinished Experiment* (Scribner's), a civilized and scholarly speech by John Clive who said he had spent years tied to *Macaulay* (Knopf), a touching tribute to his subject (*Malcolm Lowry;* Oxford University Press) by Douglas Day. Pauline Kael's book of movie criticism (*Deep Into Movies;* Atlantic/Little, Brown) was given the arts and letters prize, Eleanor Cameron was the winner for her children's book, *The Court of the Stone Children* (Dutton), Murray Kempton won a contemporary affairs prize for *The Briar Patch* (Dutton), his masterly account of the trial in New York State of Black Panthers. The translation prize was trisected—to Karen Brazell, Helen R. Lane, Jackson Mathews: two were not present to receive it. And Maurice Natanson, whose *Husserl* won the prize for philosophy and religion, made a rueful speech announcing that his publisher, Northwestern University Press, had just told him it was going out of business.

NBA award night is no longer the polite, sedate, affair it once was. Besides Rich's public strike for feminism and Ginsberg's political protest against the System, and the streaker who turned out to be a New York representative of the University of California Press(!), there was the speech offered by Prof. Irwin Corey for the reclusive Pynchon, for whom there is no known photograph or address. The TV comic spewed out what many present found a great deal of appropriate and inappropriate nonsense ("Fortunately the awards are only for authors, unlike the Academy Awards which are for men and women"). Said to have been hired by Viking's president Tom Guinzburg, some (Bruce Catton on stage maintained a stony face) were, like Victoria, not amused by Corey.

Are the awards important? Yes, one supposes, for the writer; for the sale of his book, more perhaps for his future books; for the continuing prestige of his publisher ("We have a winner!" I heard one publicity person exult). A few found themselves nostalgic for the days when there were three categories—fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and three winners, so that the award would be a clear choice of The Best to be found. For some reason the number of prizes reminded me, the worst camper of them all, of the pin I won every year at summer camp, for character.

Good or bad as the multiplicity of categories and awards may be, the fact is that the events of NBA are good for almost everybody, except perhaps for the literary editor from hundreds of miles away whose desk piles up with review books while he's away listening to raise-the-standards-of-the-profession speeches. They do serve to dramatize the need, so graphically illustrated by the pallid streaker, to write, publish, review and reward books. I for one, in the words of my seat-mate on the Metroliner, felt lucky to be there for the playoffs.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

with Hitler—which has an added irony because Kraus, the ex-Jew, has some bitter things to say about Judaicized Christianity and Jewish capitalists. One would-be apologist has argued that Kraus attacks Jews because they have the greatest moral tradition to live up to. Well . . . possibly. He is not the only Germanic ex-Jew to note the shortcomings of Jews, as he saw them, with special bitterness. And, further, I think Kraus made sure not to spare the Jews his lash lest he be accused of partiality and to be certain that *nobody* could claim him as champion.

This drama is continental, immense. Each act begins on a corner of central Vienna with four inane army officers, and each of the five acts deals with events of one of the five calendar years of the war. Ungar calls it a documentary drama, and indeed Kraus does get much of his effect simply from quoting and juxtaposing speeches and editorials and news reports; still the *ways* he uses them, the manner in which he builds on them, are work of poetic imagination. For example during the play there is the boastful report of the sinking of an enemy ship carrying 1200 horses. Near the end the 1200 horses emerge from the waves and chant a poignant chorus as they trot across the stage. One very brief scene has an army company marching past a garden gate just so that the Crown Prince, in tennis clothes, can speak one line of commendation; another scene has a crowd of 500 people waiting at a railroad station. In contrast to this profligacy there is a choric sequence of scenes between two people: the Optimist and the Grumbler (who is obviously Kraus himself). At one point the Grumbler has an 11-page monologue. Generals, war correspondents, psychiatrists, victims, the Pope himself, all appear.

At first the individual scenes seem pungent or less pungent cabaret sketch-

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es, dealing often with satirical points now fairly familiar. But the work pours on with such grandeur of loathing, such prodigality of disgust, such mordant anguish that the deficiencies fade in the glare of a large Spenglerian fire.

One easy and, I think, false modern view of this drama is to say that it might be practicable as film. But Kraus clearly wanted his work to be *im*practicable. That is his last intrinsic gesture of disdain: civilization can't even perform this drama about its own incapacities.

Kraus, to whom language was the holy of holies, can never really exist outside his own language. (One detail: Mautner says he used a dozen dialects in this play, impossible to render.) But Ungar has done us a benefit by at least bringing us a bit closer to this sharp-eyed, angry, prickly, brilliant lover-hater of mankind.

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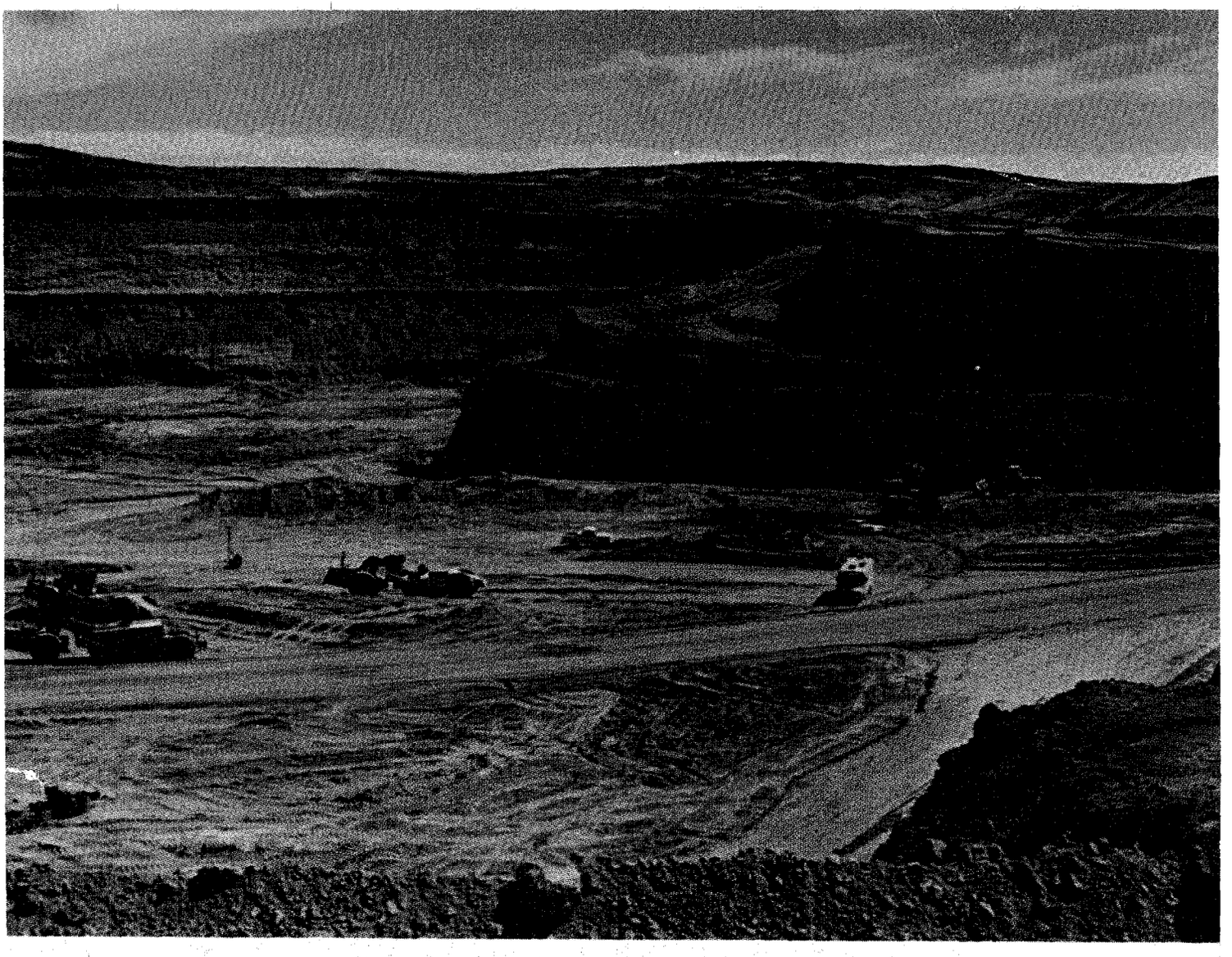

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